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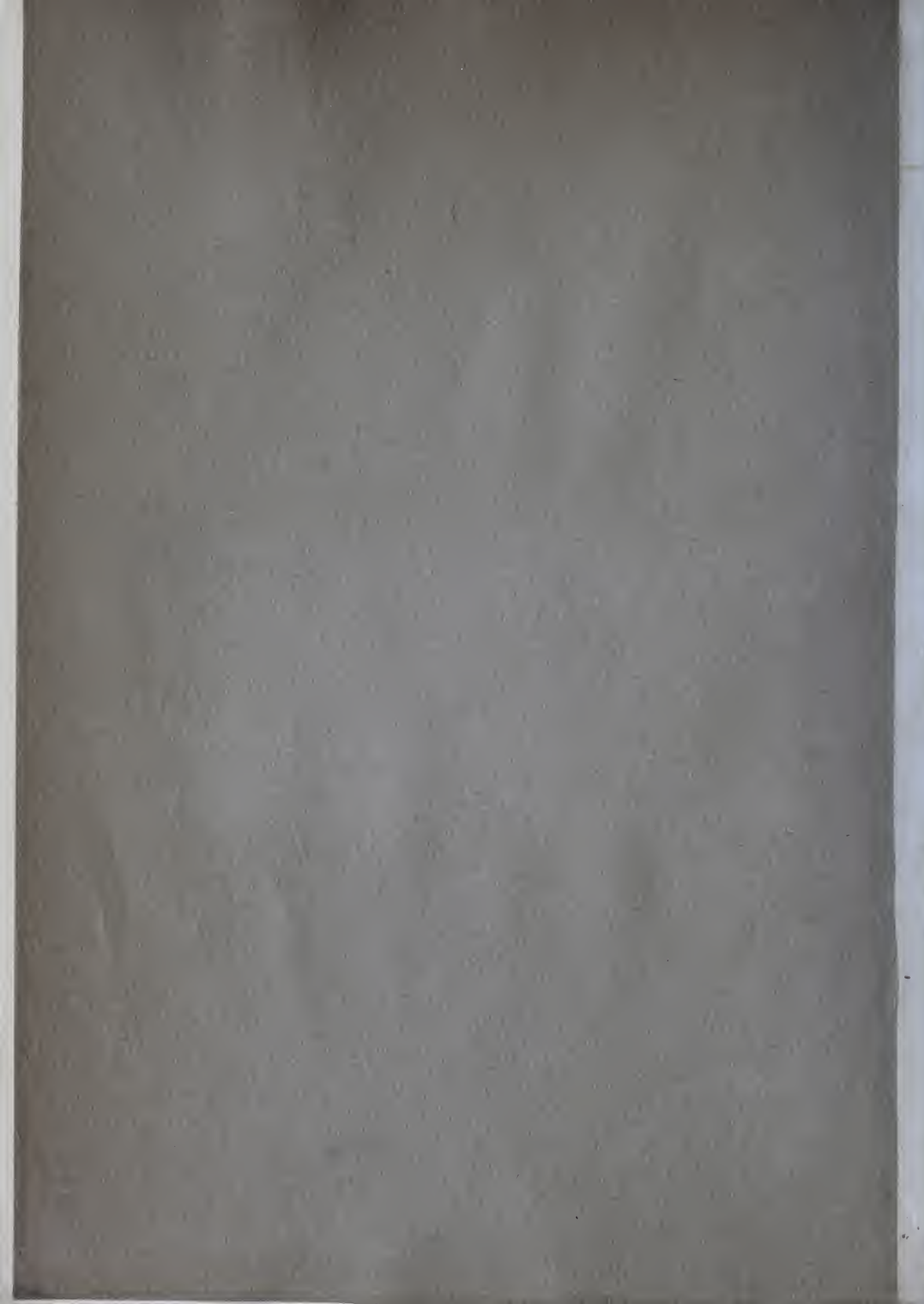
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The Ambitious Slave

- 67 -

Elkanah Settle, 1694.

** A. 814.1
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T H E

Ambitious Slave :

O R, A

Generous Revenge,

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by E. SETTLE.

Tantane Ira.

❧ L O N D O N, ❧

Printed for A. Roper, and E. Wilkinson, at the
Black-Boy in Fleetstreet, 1694.

Charlotte Harris Fund

May 14 1901

The Resale April 1901

To the Honoured

John Bright Esq;

SIR,

WHen this Unfortunate Play implores
Your Patronage, it is an Humble
Addressor to You, even for that common English
Humanity, as the Reception of a persecuted Re-
fugee, hunted out of the World, and now
a Shelterer under Your Hospitable Roof. And
if Your Good Graces shall vouchsafe it that kind
Entertainment, I Beseech You to look upon
it as a forlorn Brat, turned out abroad under
the Curse of those Sour Grapes, the Faults and
Misfortunes of the unhappy Author. And re-
ally, under that Prejudice that lours upon me;
I may truly say, could I pretend to never so
great an Interest in the Muses, as that I am
far from; I Plant but at a North-Wall, rear
that Fruitless Nursery, where I am certain
to be Child'd and Blasted: So miserable it is to
live, where not one Beam smiles.

A 2

And

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*And indeed, a Poet, under a hard Name,
groans beneath a perfect Turkish Subjection,
where Sentence and Execution are so wholly
Arbitrary, that the Black Robe, and the Bow-
string are sent him, without Process or Tryal.*

*But the happier Favourite Quils, (Lord !)
What Wonders can they perform ! Can Write
as the Famous Witherington Fought, upon their
very Stumps. For,*

*The Lucky have whole Days, and those
they chuse.*

*Th' Unlucky have but Hours, and those
they lose.*

——As a Poetick Oracle tells us.

*Poetry is so much the Creature of Favour ,
that 'tis not the Oar , but the Stamp that
sets the value. A Darling Muse shall make
Medals of what an Abdicated Scribler shall
hardly pass for Counters.*

*But to leave this Melancholy Theme, the
severity of this poor Plays Fortune, and change
to a cheerfuller Cause ; 'tis now Lodged in the
hands of Mercy ; for 'tis Dedicated to Worth
and Goodness ; Titles, so properly Your own ;
that to a Natural Candour, Sweetness of Tem-
per, prideless Familiarity, and all that Generous
Disposition*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Disposition of Mind, that warms where You Favour, and charms where You Converse; You have the Additional Acquisitions and Improvements of the most Generous Education too, as no small Superstructure upon so ample a Foundation. You challenge that bountiful Literature, a Feather not in every Gentlemans Crest, that we may trace Your Rich Fountain up to the Banks of Cham, as nurtur'd and cherish'd no less by the Beams of an Alma Mater, than Your own smiling Genius; Insomuch that so truly accomplisht, You are equally furnisht as well for the Courtier as the Country Gentleman.

And, faith, Sir, now I have named an English Gentleman, he that with all the true Qualifications of Gentility, lives like Your self, above the World, Attendance and Dependance the Cowlean Curse far from his Door, a plentiful Estate his fair Field Argent, and a Bravery of Spirit to enrich that fair Coat, may be truly said to be more a Prince than he that fills a Throne: whilst free and uncontrould, within his own smaller Province of Command, he Reigns more Absolute, than the prouder Crowned Head in all his Realms and Territories, that larger Canton of the Globe; who besides his Cares and Fatigues

The Epistle Dedicatory.

(a pain You feel not) weilds but a shackled Scepter, under a bounded Dominion, and limited Sovereignty.

But whatever ample Theme Your Merit furnishes me, I dare not be too bold upon that subject : for Panegyricks are only acceptable Guests where there's Pride and Vanity to welcome and receive them. But so extraordinary a Modesty shines in You, that instead of attempting the Panegyrist, I must rather check the Publication of those fair Truths, though never so justly Your due, as knowing that You can easier deserve Encomiums than hear them; under which silencing Command upon me, I can only conclude with subscribing my self

Sir,

Your most Obedient,

And

Most Devoted Servant

E. SETTLE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Knight.

TO Gain your favourable smile to Day,
What a hard Task has our Unhappy Play.
After so Rich a Feast of Wit before,
Our Courser Fare, we fear's a Treat too Poor.
Yet let's Consider, half our fears to Ease,
What Constitutions 'tis we have to please,
You, who when some bright Celia you've enjoy'd,
How have we seen you Surfeited and Cloy'd
With the possession of those fairer Charms,
Run to some Little Paltry Dowdies Arms?
Change, dear sweet Change!
There you run on so Fast, Siege, Battle, Storm:
Could you your feats of War like those of Love perform;
All so many Young headlong Alexanders,
You'd make a Swinging Nursery for Flanders,
That brisk, bold, pushing Race! Lord what a Dance
Would such a set of Heroes make in France.
Ah Sirs, so very Fickle in your Kisses,
Would you treat Poets as you do your Misses,
Let Wit and Love your Equal Graces share;
Our humble Scribler then need ne'er Despair.
Ah no! —
A Poet may, perhaps, once in an Age,
Have the good fortune your kind hearts t'engage.
They gain your favours slow, but then they last.
Your kind Embrace they win and hold as fast.
With us, our Sex alone, to your disgrace
False Men, you're every day for a new Face.
Your Volatile Mercury is all in Love
We are the Mourning Turtles of the Grove:
You're those wild Strays, and fly so all at Rovers,
You're Beaus, Wits, Courtiers, every thing but Lovers;
Youth, Beauty, Virtue, all will do no good:
You're Constant every where, but where you shou'd.

ACTORS Names.

K ing of Persia,	Mr. Boyman.
Tygranes, <i>his Brother</i> ,	Mr. Verbruggen.
Orontes, <i>King of Scythia</i> ,	Mr. Powell.
Briomar, <i>his Confident</i> ,	Mr. Freeman.
Mirvan <i>a Persian Eunuch</i> ,	Mrs. Rogers.
Amorin, <i>a Persian Lord</i> .	Mr. Sybars.

WOMEN.

Herminia, <i>an Indian Princess,</i> <i>afterwards Queen of Persia.</i>	} Mrs. Knight.
Clarismunda, <i>the King of Persia's Sister.</i>	} Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Celestina, <i>a Beautiful Scythian</i> <i>of unknown Birth.</i>	} Mrs. Barry.
Rosalin, <i>her Confident.</i>	Mrs. Leigh.
<i>Attendants, Guards, &c.</i>	

SCENE the Frontiers of Persia.

THE
Ambitious Slave ;

O R,
A Generous Revenge.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Tygranes, Herminia, and Attendants &c.

Ty. **W**ELL, Madam, I have play'd the faithfull Advocate,
Have woo'd and won the Worlds divinest
(Beauty ;
And with the glorious Prize return'd Trium-
umphant,

I bring her to an envied Brothers Arms.
But (Oh) the fatall Embassy ! to crown
His Joys I've Martyrd mine.

Herm. Unkind Tygranes,
These too ungratefull sounds I must not hear.

Tygr. Not hear me ! Is the Voice of Truth so frightfull !
Or start your Ears at what your Eyes have done ?
Oh cruell Brother, in Fates blackest hour
With thy commission'd Love I went th' unhappy
Discoverer of that beauteous Coast of Paradise.
Yes, thou Fair Treasury of Heav'n, I landed
Upon the Golden shore ; Survey'd that All
Celestiall Fair, inestimable Brightness,
And laded back with the whole freighted Mine,
To plant this Jewell in a Brothers Crown,

I make him Lord, Lord of more Wealth, more Bliss
Then show'ring Heav'n e're pour'd on kneeling Man;
And my poor self the miserablest Wretch
That Ruine tumbled, or Despair e're swallow'd.

Herm. Oh generous Prince, if all my blushing shame,
My aking heart, and bleeding Soul, for Thy
Poor suff'ring pains can be prevailing Orators,
Recall thy banisht Peace.

Tygr. My Peace!

Herm. Thy Peace.

Let my imploring Pity beg it of thee:
Be thy great self, and let surmounting Reason
Put out this hopeless Fire. Droop not, but wait
A fairer Fate: The Guardian Gods of Virtue
Bid thee look up and hope; those great Rewarders
Of ever cherish'd Honour, have no doubt
Reserv'd some worthier Beauty for thy Arms.

Tygr. A second Wound, where those bright Eyes have kill'd!
No; fair Destroyer, do not flatter Death.

Herm. Cruell *Tygranes*, cease this fatal Language.

I sicken at the sound: Commanding Honour
Has seal'd my Ears, and I dare hear no more.

Tygr. Commanding Honour then shall be obey'd,
And you shall hear no more.

Yes, fair Commissioner of Fate, thou dear
All Angel Forme, I will repine no more.
Since I was born to wear thee to my Grave,
I but perform the Work of my Creation,
And 'tis my Glory to fulfill my Destiny.

[*Trumpets.*

But hark, the King! Now, Madam, Love and Empire
Come suppliant to your Feet; *Cyrus* proud Heir,
And fair *Herminia's* prouder slave, comes blest
With all the Joys of a possessing Lover,
To circle that fair Brow with *Persia's* Diadem.

Enter King attended.

King Welcome fair Star, descending Brightness welcome.
But oh— Thus kneeling let me meet the mighty Bliss.
Kneel! Is that all! For every common Blessing
We pay that Gratitude. But when Heav'n gives Heav'n,
The blest Receiver with his bending Homage
And prostrate Soul makes but too poor Acknowledgment.

Tygr. Oh King; we Two divide the Stars; thine All } *aside.*
The smiling, all the blasting Planets mine.

King

King But whilst my Ravisht Soul at these dear feet,
 All buisy in the Count of thousand Vows,
 My Souls long hoarded sum, to Soverain Love
 Their mighty Tribute pay, endebted Honor
 Demands some payment too. My dear *Tygranes*,
 Thou Champion of my Love, thou ushering Phosphor
 To all my rising Blifs, my more then Brother,
 Friend, All—oh let these gratefull Arms receive thee [*Embraces.*
 But ha! what do I see! methinks I view
 A Cloud hang on thy Brow.

Tygr. A Cloud, my King,
 Would be a Blessing here: Indeed I want one.
 For I have stood too near too near that Sun,
 From the bright Beams of whose too fatal Fires
 Oh for a Cloud, dark as my Grave, to shrowd me.

King. How, my *Tygranes*! Have *Herminia's* Eyes
 Brought me a Rivall home!

Tygr. A Rivall! No. Rivall's a Title for
 Aspiring Gazers, Beauties bolder Homagers;
 Where kindled Hope, and warm Ambition burn;
 A Name too towring for the lost *Tygranes*.

King. In this surprizing Language——

Tygr. I have profan'd
 Your Royall Ear; but the offending Criminall
 (Pardon his First Last Fault) shall Sin no more.
 Heretake this dazling Beauty to your Arms,
 Take her adorn'd with all Loves thousand Charms;
 Myriads of Bliss'es star your happy Nights
 Thick as the Galaxy; and Angel Quires
 Salute your smiling Days.

Herm. Virtue like Thine!

[*aside*

Tygr. And now if my small Services deserve it,
 And this young Arm may be that bold Petitioner,
 Grant me the Glory in your Royall Cause,
 Against your Honours and your Kingdoms Foes
 To wield a Sword. Yes send me to the Wars,
 The walks of Death, and Scenes of Desolation;
 Far, far from Courts; that I may live remov'd
 From those destroying Eyes. For, oh, my King,
 I would not stay within that dangerous Air
 Where the least Rebell Murmur may but rise
 To envy your fair Blifs.

King. I am all Confusion!

Tygr. So dear, so sacred your Divine Felicity,
 I wou'd not blot my Soul but with a Thought

My King can be too blest.

Herm. Oh Prince

Thy generous Goodness loads me with that shame
As fires my glowing Cheeks. But if thy heart
Thy poor lost Heart has play'd th' unhappy Fugitive
Into that barren Starving Feild of Love,
By all my Hopes I'll drop a tear to Heav'n
To call the wanderer home.

Tygr. A Tear !

Herm. A Tear, *Tygranes*,

Shed from that melting pity, till the Gods
Soft'n'd to Mercy a kind Ear encline,
And grant thee peace or else deny me mine.

King. Thou Miracle of Truth, and Life of Honour,
There's something in this moving Tale of pity,
Breaths with so sweet an Accent, that if ought
Less then resigning the Divine *Herminia*
Cou'd bless thy soft Desires, my bounding Soul
Shou'd leap all Bars to crown thy tenderest Wishes.

Tygr. This is too kind.

King. But since a Sword, a Sword
Is all the Boon thy modest Prayers can ask,
And Love can give no more ;
Thou shalt have thy Desire. Yes, my *Tygranes*,
I have a Cause that wants an Arm like Thine.
For in thy Absence I have lost a Battle.
Persia's proud Foe, th' insulting *Scythian* Tyrant
Wears my lost Honour on his conquering Sword.
Nor is this all, I have lost a Sister too.

Tygr. And with that Sister, Sir, the noblest Martyr
Tyrannick Sword e're butcher'd, poor *Orsanes*
That Royall *Syrian*, our unhappy Friend,
By Wars rough chance the barbarous *Scythian's* Prisoner ;
By his inhumane Rivall Jaylors Rage,
In his cold blood sent t' his untimely Grave.
My Dear wrong'd Sister, thou too wretched Mourner,
The Lord of all thy Vows that bloody sacrifice,
So loud thy Ruines, and so deep thy Wounds,
That bleeding *Persia* groans for thy Revenge.
Thine, Thine's a Cause —

King. Reserv'd for brave *Tygranes* ;
For Thee, young Worthy ; thy Illustrious Arms
Shall lead my fighting Legions to the Field.
Wash thou the *Persian* Stains, and Scourge that Tyrant ;
Whilst *Clarissanda's* Wrongs edge thy keen steel,

With.

With mine and Heav'n's Commission'd Vengeance strike.

Tygr. Ye Gods I ask no more.

King. Yes ; go my Souldier,
Gowhere Fame calls. But thus, far far from Courts
Whilst to rough Wars a Rivall I remove,
Think how I send thee to a Lawrell Grove,
To plume in Honour, whilst I blush in Love.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE, *changes to a Pavilion.*

Enter Briomer, meeting Celestina and Rosalin.

Briom. Good morrow my Sweet enemy ; the Smiles
Of a kind Morn gay as your Eyes Salute You.
I come my pretty one, t' inquire the Health
Of that bright Excellence, the fair *Clarismunda*.
Say is your Princess waking ?

Celest. Is she sleeping
Had been a properer Question to her Miseries.

Briom. Then, Madam, in my Royall Masters name
Sycthia's proud Monarch, but her humblest Suppliant —

Celest. Her Tyrant, thou woud'st say : be honest fawning Parasite
And givethy proud Barbarian Lord his Titles.

Briom. Her Tyrant then ; if that hard Name befits
Her humble Kneeling Slave.

Celest. Hard name ! Can there
Be names too hard for brave *Orsanes* Murderer !
What though that Royall Beauty, and her dear
Illustrious Lover by th' unhappy Fortune
Of a lost Battle wore the Tyrants Chains.
Could his too Barbarous Rage descend to that
Low-Spirited Murder to remove a Rivall
By such a shameful Blow ? unparalled Infamy —

Brim. 'Tis true I own, wild Rage and wilder Love
Have play'd the Savage. But t'atone his Crime
Has not the sense of his Detested shame
Touch'd his Relenting Soul so near, till kill'd
Even by the wounds of his own bleeding Sacrifice
He Dies where he 'has destroy'd, so dies — But she
Deaf to his Wound and blind to her own Happiness,
By what infatuating Female Folly,
Her own caprichious Frenzy best can tell,
Disdains his Love, and all his offer'd Diadems,
And strangely flies that only Bed of Honour
Where her dried Tears, and her husht Wrongs may sleep

In a long Halcion Rest of endless Glory.

Celest. Well, talking Sir, if her too deep Resentments,
And tender Sense of her dead Lovers Bloud
Pours down this Scorn on his unpardon'd murderer ;
Scythian, what then ? Art Thou, thou bold impeacher,
A Judge of Honour ; Is Imperial Vengeance
A Depth for every groveling Fool to fathom ?

Briom. How *Celestina*, thou'rt a *Scythian* Born,
And dar'st thou plead a Cause against thy King !
Have *Clarismunda's* Smiles, her darling Minion,
Brib'd thee this partiall Advocate for Cruelty ?

Cel. Against my King ! Against the World an Advocate
In Beauties Quarell, Beauty that commands
When Kings but kneel : that more then Soveriagn power,
That holds the Scales of Crowns.

Briom. Well *Celestina*, thou correct'st my Fault.
But to perform my Kings Commission ; (that
I hope's my Province) in his name I beg
Thy powerfull Intrest with thy Angry Princess
To gain him his Admission to her Feet.
Tell her 'tis his last Prayer : Nor dares he use
A Conquerours Right to gain him his Access.
Love has disarm'd that power ; and now no more
Then her Petitioning Slave, th' Approach to those
Offended Eyes is only on his Knees.

Celest. Well *Scythian*, tell him my prevailing Eloquence
Shall gain him his Request.

[*Exit Briomar.*

So *Rosalin*, Thou look'st as thoud'st survey me.
If thou hast read me round, which think'st thou best
My Face or Pride becomes me ? Or dost think
That the kind *Clarismunda's* Royall Smiles
Have rais'd me higher than my Beauty merits,
Or my Ambition covets !

Rosal. Truly neither.
If Beauty can deserve, perhaps, that Face
Has a fair Title ; and for thy Ambition ;
I durst defy all the once bold Aspirers
That battayl'd Heaven to match thee.

Celest. Truth, thou draw'st
So near the Life, that thou might'st play my Painter.
Ros. 'Tis not thy Beauty, (that's the gift of Chance)
Nor is't thy Towing Pride (for that's but woman)
No, *Celestina*, 'tis thy wondrous Fortune
That takes up my amazement.

Celest.

Celest. That, such wonder !

Ros. With Thy course Veins, an humble low born Creature,
That hardly ownst a Mother, or a Name—
(You see I love plain-dealing)

Cel. Yes, I find so.

Ros. With nothing but a Face, all the whole Patrimony
Thy little unknown Father had to leave thee,
Perk't up the Darling Favourite of a Princess.

Cel. A Princess Favourite; Ay, and a Kings too,
If Fortune play me fair. I'm not the First
Of my soft Sex, perhaps with Birth as mean
As *Celestina's*, and a stock of Charms
Not more then mine, has baited Hooks for Monarchs,
For Monarchs Girle, Imperiall Slaves, my *Rosalin*;
Whilst the fair Hand of the poor Spawn of Cottages
Has struck a Royall Game, and troll'd out Princes.

Ros. 'Tis true, such Gamesters there have been; and, faith,
'Tis pity but Thy Hooks should be so baited.
For if those Eyes were born to catch a King,
Not the fair proudest She, that carthborn Flutterer,
Rig'd up in Ermine, and trick't out with Title,
That ever betray'd Monarch, or sold Kingdom,
Could bear her upstart power with half thy Vanity.

Celest. Why Earth-born Flutterer ! still thou gratest hard
On that mean Shame my Birth.—Why must this Beauty
Be a base Cottage Brat !—They talk of Fairies
That snatch the sleeping Infant from the Cradle,
And leave a witless Bastard of their own
For the poor Cheated Mother.—And who knows
Instead of some course half-sould *Fairy* Changeling,
The kinder Hand of some diviner Genius
In my poor Cradle made a Nobler Change?
And in my Sooty Mothers Raven nest
Hatch'd a fair Eagles Egg !

Ros. Why, truly, some
Such wondrous Change might be. For (give thy due)
Thou hast those tow'ring hopes wou'd out-soar Eagles.

Cel. And I have reason for those towring Hopes.
For by a famous Reverend *Scythian Sybil*,
Even in my Infant Dawn, my Beauties Nonage,
Nay in my Native shade, I have been told
These Eyes the Sovereign Arbiters of Fate
Are born to Conquer Kings and Ruin Kingdoms.

Ros. A very large Prediction ! But art sure
Thy Witches Oracle spoke Truth?

Cel.

Cel. Truth Girle!

Rof. Art sure her Prophecying Devills are honest?

Cel. Yes, dear kind Heaven I hope so —

Oh Loves soft Fires, my Eyes, my snares, my Charms,
Lodge but some doating Monarch in these Arms,
To mount me a Court-Star, fill my fair Seat,
The Fear of Slaves, and Envy of the Great,
Round my bright Sphear my rapid Gloryes hurld,
In Powers. proud Orb to drive the truckling World;
But This one Blessing let my Prayers implore,
And curse me Heaven, if ere I ask thee more.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

A C T. II. S C E N E. I.

A Pavilion Royal.

*Discovers Clarismunda seated attended by
Celestina and Rosalin.*

Clar. **O** *Rosanes*, Oh that ever bleeding Martyr!
Murder so black! enough to shame the World,
And blot the Blushing Skies.. Yet why, oh why
Is Suffring Virtue that neglect of Heav'n,
Not the least care of shielding Providence
Steps in to guard, nor one just Bolt t' avenge it.
But can my Sighs or Prayers recall his Breath!
Ah no; th'irrevocable Doom's gone forth,
And posting Angells speed in vain to catch it.

Enter Orontes.

Oront. If trembling Adoration may presume
T'approach so near; and these unhallow'd Knees
May humbly bend to the Eternall Throne
To beg down Blessings on that sacred Brow.

Clar. Thou wish me Blessings. Fool, why dost thou lose
That ineffectuall prayer, thou who hast entaild
That lasting shame, and load of Curses on me;
That distant Blessings and remoter Peace

Stand

Stand those wide Worlds remov'd from *Clarismunda*
That bliss and I must never meet again.

Oront. That I have sin'd against that Heav'nly Fair,
Committed that dire deed of Execration,
That not the whole detesting World alone,
But the whole Blushing Host above the Stars
Confront my Impious Guilt ; That I've don this,
Tormenting Conscience with ten thousand Horrors
Haunts all my sleepless nights.

Clar. A sleepless night ? And is that all thy punishment ?
Each puny Crime
May wound as deep as that. But can'st thou think
Orfanes Blood, and all my wrongs demand no more.

Oront. Thy wrongs demand
All all fates Bloodiest Shafts, the heaviest Load
That ere crusht Guilt, or struck confusion dead,
This single Criminal Head deserves 'em all.
Unless a kind Reprieving Mercy dawn
From those fair Twins of Life.

Claris. Mercy to Thee,
Thy Crimes, thou dire Destroyer ! Can thy baseness
Dare lodge so vile a Thought of *Clarismunda* !
The Sacred Blood of the immortall *Cyrus*,
That tame forgiving Fool.

Oront. Alas dear Madam ! —

Clar. No King, I have a *Lucrecian* Soul within me :
With more then all her Wrongs, my Hope, Peace, Life,
All ravish't by thy worse then *Tarquin* Cruelty.
And if perhaps I have out-liv'd her Fall,
'Tis onely to outact her Vengeance. She
Poor Martyr dyed too soon. Her closing Eyes
Shut out that charming scene, the rowzing Thunder
Hung o're her punisht Ravishers head : she dyed
Before her dear Revenge. But I would live
For mine (if thou dar'st let me live,) live Tyrant
To wake the arming World for thy Destruction.

Oront. Oh hold my fair Accuser, think, oh, think
When my mad Rage and all my brutall Fires
Walk'd forth with that too hideous Arme of Death
Twas onely Love that struck the barbarous Blow.

Claris. Love !

Oront. All commanding all resistless Love.
Alas, I saw the cruell *Clarismunda*
Deaf to my sighs and pray'rs ; my happy Rivall
With all the Pride of an insulting Conquerour

Even in his Chains my Tyrant, the blest Lord
 Of *Clarismunda's* Heart : Think how I saw
 The flaming Sword, and my seal'd Gates of Paradise.
 And if my burning Love and boyling Envy
 Swell'd my Despair too high, impute th' Effects
 To a too powerfull Cause. Alas, I cut
 Th' excluding Barr betwixt my Heav'n and Me.

Claris. Yet hold——This Insolence outfins thy first black Guilt.
 What tho th' Injustice of our partiall Destiny
 Threw the unhappy Champion of our Cause,
 By Warrs rough Chance a Captive in thy Pow'r ;
 Dares thy Barbarity make Love, great Love,
 A Plea for Murther ? Could that noble Passion
 Transforme thee to a Ruffian ? Had'st thou been
 That Godlike thing a Lover, thoud'st have seen
 Thy happy Rivall with more generous Envy :
 And in thy glorious Indignation free'd him
 From his vile Chains ; bid him dispute his Title
 To *Clarismunda's* Heart with his drawn sword.
 Had he so saln, and his triumphant Conquerour
 Staind with his warm warm Blood——thus hadst thou woo'd me——
 But in cold Murder, his poor naked Throat
 Given up to Butchers Hands, thy Slaves and Hangmen !
 Shame of a Throne, thou eternall Brand of Empire !

Oront. And is this all my Love must ever hope !

Claris. Hope wretched King ; why does thy tiresome Folly
 Force my repeated Scorne both of thy Crown and Thee.
 Thus often to pronounce the fatall never ?

Oront. Never !

Claris. Shoud this degenerate Breast descend so low
 Bu to Dream Kindness to *Orsanes* Murderer ;
 I'de tear my Traytour Heart up by the Roots,
 But for so poor a Thought. Love thee ! Yes, King,
 If to owe thee Curses more then Plagues can pay thee
 Thy dying Groans more Musick to my soul,
 Then all the Quires of Heaven, be Love, I love thee,

Oront. Well, Madam, you have sworn my seal'd Destruction ;
 And rather then a Doom from that fair Mouth
 Shoud want the Weight of Fate, with my own Hand,
 I'll ayd my Labouring Destiny. Go, *Briomar*,
 Draw out ten Thousand Horse, and in their Head,
 Bear that relentlAs Beauty back to *Persia*,
 A Presentt' her avenging Brothers Arms.

Claris. Ay, King, do This——

Oront. Yes, go, dear charming Death.

Bring

Bring the whole summond Force of Heav'n and Earth
 To hunt down this Babarian.
 Too cruell Vengeance, at Thy Tyrant call,
 All thy arm'd shafts on this doom'd Head must fall;
 And Humble kneeling Love shall bear e'm all.
 But dear remorseless Fair; if all the pangs
 Of my poor bleeding Heart—

}

Claris. All the old Hatefull Theme. No more: no more.
 Remember, King, I have Your sacred Promise
 To send me back to my avenging Brothers.

Oront. True; I have promised, and the dread Command
 Of *Clarismunda*, though at no less price
 Then my Souls Death, shall be obey'd. Go; *Briomar*,
 Performe your Charge; conduct that fair Inexorable
 T' her Royall Brothers Arms — But tell those Brothers—
 Yes, lay my blushes and my shame before e'm;
 And tell the injur'd Majesty of *Persia*,
 My soul unman'd, and all my Reason drown'd,
 I did that shamefull Deed. But tell e'm too,
 The Brute offended, but the King repents.
 Tell e'm instead of all their Arm'd Revenge,
 Death, Fire, and Sword, sack Towns, and burning Citys
 Kind Hymens Torch presents a gentler Fire.

Claris. No more, vain talking Frenzy—

Oront. Yes, beauteous Cruelty,
 Tell e'm that Mighty Love—

Claris. That Mightier Vengeance—

Oront. With all the Eloquence of immortall Truth—

Claris. With all the Horrors of Eternall shame—

Oront. For Mercy, Mercy, call.

Claris. For Blood, for Blood.

Oront. For Blood than, since no less then Blood must pay.

Go, *Briomar*, that Voice of Death obey.

Arme Arme the World against this hated Head:

And forge the Bolts to strike this Monster dead.

Go, Fairy Treasure, Vanishing Brightness, go.

But *Clarismunda*,

If Thou must kill, why the poor *Persian* swords,

Why arming Worlds, and angry Heav'n against me.

No, fairer Deity; weild thy own bright Vengeance:

Thy Eyes the Gods Expende of Thunder save,

And lend me from their Darts a nobler Grave.

Exeunt all but Celestina and Rosalin.

Celest. Now *Rosalin*, what thinkest thou of my Sybill,
 My *Scythian* Prophetess!

Rosal. Think !

Celest. Dost not see

We are moving to a fairer Feild of Fortune,
The Court of *Persia*, Beauties bright Meridian !
How looks her kind prediction now ? Do's not
My Royall Conquest wear a promising Face ?

Rosal. Fantom and Phrenzy.

Celest Spight and Envy ! No ;

Thou snarling Iafidell, th' Oraculous Truth -
Had Heav'n in't, and I must, and will beleive her.

Rosal. Well, if your Faith's so strong, beleive, and prosper.

Celest. Yes *Rosalin*, and to confirme that Faith
Sleeping this night I saw the sweetest Vision.
Methoughts, a glittering Troop danced all around me,
Clapt their gay Wings, and in one ecchoing Voice,
Stupendious Words, that lightend as they spake,
Saluted me with

Hayle thou Beauteous Miracle,
Go on, thou Royall Conquerour ; so conquer
Till Poets make thee their Eternall Song ;
And wanton Painters like the bold *Promethens*,
When they'd give Souls to shadows, from thy Heav'ns
Shall Steal th'immortall Fires.

Ros. By Love all Rapture !

Cel. No sooner was the gaudy Vision vanish't,
But straight I dreamt of that fair *Grecian* Dame
That drew the Swords of the Contending Universe,
The glorious subject of a ten years War ;
And the no less immortall *Cleopatra*,
Her bleeding *Antony*, and persuing *Cesar*,
With burning *Troys*, and Worlds for Beauty lost.

Ros. Well, *Celestina*, if no less Originals
Then *Egypt's Cleopatra*, or *Greek Helens*,
Are those fair Eyes your golden Dreams must copy,
In that blest day expect my duteous Homage
Amongst your kneeling slaves.

Cel. Yes, that blest Day !

Now to the Court, that Lottery of Beauty,
Where all the Fair for the great Prize put in,
And boldly stake their All to lose or win.
And whilst one Hand at an unhappy Fling
Draws but a Blank, the other draws her King.
With the same Hope for the same Lot I le go,
And try if there's a Monarch for my Throw.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene

*Scene changes to a Pallace.**Enter Tygranes.*

Tygr. What art thou Love, that thus out liv'st Despair?
 Oh thou, whose too strong vital Pulses beat
 When hope thy Life is dead. Too fair *Herminia*,
 Tho' lost, for ever lost, thy haunting Form
 Array'd with all thy Charms glides dazling by,
 Whilst my devouring Soul leaps forth to meet thee
 And grasps at fleeting Ayr. Too dear *Herminia*,
 Yes, I will love thee still—But (oh) so love thee,
 Love thy bright Glory, thy unenvy'd Happiness,
 Thy Monarchs Arms, and all thy Nuptiall Bliss'es,
 My whole un murmuring Souls divinest Musick.

*Enter Messenger.**Mess.* Sir, some Officers wait your Command.*Enter Officers.*

Tygr. Admit e'm. Well, my Warriours
 How fare my valiant Hearts?

Off. Tough as our Arms,
 And cheerfull as our Cause!

Tygr. Thou speakst my Souldier-----1. *Off.* As all our Veins, and all our Lives shall speak.

2. *Off.* Already, Sir, Your great Allies have joyn'd us;
 A noble Train of War. From Western Nile
 To Eastern *Indus* Streams, united *Asia*,
 Brings her proud Banners to your Royall Standard.
 By this good Sword, and this old Arm, I think
 More gallant Troops, nor more resolv'd Battalions,
 A fairer Front of the bold Sons of Glory
 Ne'er shook the Earth beneath them.

1. *Off.* And great Sir,
 May I presume to add one bold Word more.
 To cheer our Hearts after our last lost Battle
 And edg our Swords for a new fairer Game,
Persia fought then, but *Clarismunda* now.

Tygr. Yes, my kind Souldier, in your last lost Game
 A weaker Quarrell, and a fainter Arm,
 Only Powers wanton Luxury, Ambition;
 Fought then; But a Diviner Cause, wrong'd Honour,
 And Sacred Vengeance now.

Enter King and Herminia, Mirvan, Amarin, Guards, &c.

King. My best *Tygranes*.

Life of my Cause, thou Eldest Son of War,
And boldest Heir of Fame ; my waiting Armyes
Call thy Commanding Arm to lead 'em forth to Glory.

Tygr. As far as humane Strength can push for Glory
This Arm shall lead ; and Sir to joyn that Arm
I hope the Great Deciding Powers, that hold
The Fate of War and turn the Scales of Battle,
Have one kind Lawrell for the poor *Tygranes*.
For 'tis but Justice, Heav'n ; one Smiling Day
For all the melancholly niggard Portion
Your unkind Stars have dealt me. And for all
The Massy Favours you have heap'd upon me,
Great Sir permit my bending Duty fall
Thus low to take up the fair Load of Honour.

King Rise, my *Tygranes*, This too humble Gratitude
Orepays the Gift I make.

Tygr. Orepays ! No ! Sir.

You've lodg'd in this Young Arm a Trust so glorious----

King And thou'lt discharge it with a Faith more glorious.

Tygr. I hope indeed I shall. This I dare promise ;
I go to ke n for War, so arm'd for Battle,
My Cause so Precious and my Life so worthless,
That the Great Game of Death was never play'd
By a less shaking Hand.

King. So speak the Souls
Of our Great Race, the transmigrating Fires
That warm thy noble Breast.

Tygr. But Sir before I go, take my Last Prayer :
May all the Sweets of ever fragrant Love
Heap your full Jo s. 'Twixt that fair Heaven and You
Eternall Jo Peans sing before you :
Smiles wake Your Morns, and Angells lull your Sleeps.

King. This is too kind *Tygranes*,

Tygr. And when in my Rough Toyls and heavyer Marches
Amidst the Shriller Louder Voice of War
Some softer Trump of Fame shall sweetly Chant
In my pleas'd Ears how fair *Herminia* loves :
How that all Nuptiall Truth, all Bridall Sweetness
With all the Riot o' unmeasur'd blisses
Crowns the dear Love of her embracing Lord ;
When I shall hear that dear that blessed Sound,

With

With open Arms I'll meet the darling Joy,
And clasp it as the Mrs. of my Soul—
Thus I may love *Herminia*—

Herm. Love me Prince!

Yes such a Love *Tygranes*——Oh thou matchless
Originall of Virtue! Love like Thine
How shall I e're return. Go then, brave Warriour,
Go where bright Honour call, and when thy Sword
Thro' grappling Dangers hews thy path to Glory,
Be thou *Herminia's* Champion and I Thine.

For oh *Tygranes* to adorn that brow
And pull down Victory on that blest Head,
I'll borrow from the Arms of my kind Lord
A bending Knee to Heav'n for dear *Tygranes*.

Tygr. And will the kind *Herminia* do all this,
For lost *Tygranes*, the Divine *Herminia*
A Beauteous Suppliant to th' immortall Throne
Breath a soft Prayer, and melt the listning Gods,
And all for worthless me! Then I am orepay'd
For all my bleeding sighs. So blest—

Herm. So blest, if she can give thee blessings, all my Orisons
My tenderest Vows for Thy Success I'll pay,
With so much Zeal the pious offering giv'n
Whilst thou shalt combat Earth I'll wrestle Heav'n.

King. Hold my *Herminia*, thou too Godlike Goodness,
And take me with thee in this generous Contest.
A Prayer for dear *Tygranes*! Prayer's and Hecatombs:
Incense and Sacrifice, all Pomp Divine;
Altars shall smoke and blazing Temples Shine.
United Heaven and Earth shall joyn for Thee;
Thou and the World, brave Youth, the Gods and we.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Your Royall Sister
Conducted by ten thousand *Scythian* Horse
Sent by the Mercy of her pitying Conquerour,
Free and unransom'd is returning home.

King. Free and unransom'd! Yes, relenting Tyrant,
Like flowry Garlands to a bleeding Victim,
A poor amends for *Clarismunda's* Wrongs.

Tygr. For the Reception of our Royall Sister,
Haste, *Orimon*, draw forth a thousand Horse
That these embracing Arms may fly to meet her.

Exit.

King. My dear *Herminia*, the soft sweets of Love
Till this blest Minute have been all my Theme.
But now, my fairest, I am forc'd to borrow

From

From the kind Arms of Joy one hour for pity.
 I have a mourning Sister,
 A wrong'd one my *Herminia*, whose Returne
 Must call one Tear even from the Eyes of Love.

Queen. A Tear for *Clarismunda* ! Yes my dear
 Lov'd Lord, if that wrong'd Sister does demand
 The Royall Tribute of those richer Pearle,
 I hope you'll give these Eyes the Leave to add
 Their pious Offering too.

King. Thine, my *Herminia* !

Queen. Mine, and all Eyes. At bleeding Virtues Sufferings
 Our Griefs are but our Sympathetick pains.
 Each melting Eye at that sad Object mourns :
 The Loadstar draws, and trembling Pity turns.

*Enter Tygranes Leading Clarismunda, Celestina,
 Rosalin &c.*

Clars. My Brother and my King !
 Take to thy Arms, thy generous pitying Arms
 This Load of Misery, Despair and Ruin.

King. Fair Flower of Paradise, the sweetest Rose
 Set in the Thorns of Life, dear Royall Mourner
 My Soules best half, my own immortall Veins.

Clar. Thy Veins ! No Sir that once fair Christall Fountain
 By the embitter'd Gall of Woes all poyson'd,

[*The King gazes on Celestina.*

My blood runs Death, and I am thy Veins no more.

King. What do I see ! Great Gods !

Clar. But, oh, dread Sir,
 In my affrighting Wounds, my Savage Wrongs,
 I have brought home-----

King. Those Eyes, my *Clarismunda*---

Clar. Eyes Sir ! --

King. Those Wrongs, my Sister----But proceed.

Clar. Those Wrongs indeed ! So wrong'd,
 There's not that ministring Saint at Heavens high Throne
 But midst his Scenes of everlasting Joys,
 Looks down on *Clarismunda's* hideous Ruines.
 Mine, mine's a Cause---

King. By Heavens, amazing Fair---

Clar. What says my King ?

King. Thy Cause my Sweet, go on.

Clar. Yes, my dear Brother, and what's more then Brother
 My Champion and my King ; By those great Names

I call and challenge thy avenging Sword,
Thy Sword, my Soverain Justice

King. Artaban? [*withdrawing from Clarismunda and whispering,*
[*Clarismunda strikes into Discourse in the mean*
[*while in dumb show with the Queen and Tygr.*

Amor. Mirvan, dost mark that Charming Stranger there?

Mir. Ay, and that firing King too. [*aside to Amorin.*

King. That Lady [*to Artaban.*

Art. My dread Lord! *King. That fair one.*

Celest. Shoot home my Charms! now my Prophetick Glory! [*aside*

Mir. Shine out fair stranger [*aside to Celestina.*

Celest. Boy! *Mir. There's Honour near ye.*

Tygr. Dear Sister these Resenting Murmurs speak
With such an Emphasis.

Clar. Do they speak Brother!

They must act too: These wrongs that find a Tongue
Must find an Arm, *Tygranes.* *Tygr. Yes Royall sufferer,*
Thou shalt have Vengeance, Vengeance, *Clarismunda,*
If Arming Man and ayding Heaven can give it thee.

Clar. Do this, and all my work of Life is done:
And when thy Sword draws blood, drink deep, my Brother;
Remember nothing but a pile of Death
Can build the Tomb of Love. Build thou that Tomb
For *Clarismunda*; then I dare dye pleas'd
When I have seen my blazing monument rays'd.

King. Succeed and Challenge that Reward, my *Artaban* [*to Arta.*
[*Exeunt all but Celestina and Mirvan.*

Celest. 'Tis don 'tis done; I read it in his Eyes;
The Golden Shaft and all the whole Blind God.
Now my kind *Sybill* thou hast fulfill'd thy Promise:
And I could kneel to thank thy Charming Oracle.
Oh Beauty! Love and Triumph wait thy Throne,
Hold my kind Toyl but fast, the Game's my own.

[*Exit.*

Mir. So;—a poor Slave has Charms to snare a King:
Yes, fair unknown, th' Imperiall Thunderer
Hangs gathering o're thee in a glittering Shower,
And 'tis but spreading of thy Smiles before him
To catch the Golden God.—well! There's Love for you —
Death! what was I born for! Love's not my Province:
The Sweets of Life are banish't from these Lips.
Kind Nature stamp't me in Heavens Image, Man,
Born with a Face perhaps t'have Captived Queens.
Till mercenary Infamous Barbarity
(An Evnuch Monster) basely rob'd my Cradle,
And left me a dull Drone of the Creation.—

Since then the Gall, and Dreggs of Life, are all
 My Portion ; to requite the spightfull worlds
 Unkindness, let me this one pleasure find
 To doal round my own Draught to all Mankind.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

*Herminia discover'd Sleeping on a couch attended by
 Mirvan and Amarin.*

Song.

WHy do's the Idle World mistake,
 And Love a Godhead make ?
 If Love were Heav'n, like Heav'n twon'd last,
 And the Immortall Joys would never dye,
 Ah no false man, at ev'ry blast
 In broken Vows Loves fleeting Shadows fly.
 Down then let all his Glorys fall,
 His Temples, Altars, Empire, all
 To dirt and Ashes trod :
 For oh the Fools, for oh the Fools, that make blind Love a God.

So when fair Celia mournd to find
 Philander so unkind ;
 She saw the Tempest roll too fast,
 And all o'respread her rising Mornings dawn ;
 Her louring Fate was quite o'recast
 And her Ecclipsing Glorys all withdrawn.
 But tho' there shine such fading Jewells
 In brittle Earthly Diadems,
 Poor Celia ne're despair :
 There's Stars above, there's starrs above to crown thee brighter there.

The Scene shuts and Mir. and Amo. advance upon the Stage.

Amor. **O**H Mirvan, this fair *Scythians* Charms are sure
 Made up of Prodigy ; and the blind God
 Has stockt her with such Shafts, her Eyes Disdain
 To play a lesser Game then Miracles,

Mir. Miracles indeed : An unknown Stranger face
 Who, or from whence Hell knows, to catch a Monarch
 From a young Princely Bride the fair *Herminia*,

A Beau-

A Beauty scarce Enjoy'd.

The very Virgin Blushes on her Cheeks
 Stiff warme; that loveliest Rose gather'd but yesterday,
 And all the fragrant Sweets thrown by to day.
 Abandon'd, Slighted—ay and all this too
 By the strange Charms of such an Easy wanton
 That Scarce held out the Courtship of an hour.
 But See the glittering Pageant moves this way.
 With what Devouring ravenous Eyes he swallows
 The fair Destruction.

Amor. But my dear Lost Mrs.

The poor *Herminia*, what a mournfull part
 Hast thou in this gay Scene. Too unkind King—
 Was it for this, in thy first blooming Youth,
 By thy Imperiall Fathers kind Commission
 A Visitant in the fair Court of *India*,
 That Early Votary t' *Herminia's* Eyes,
 Thou knelt at those dear Feet— Sweet injur'd Goodness
 My heart bleeds for thee.

Mir. Troth so does not mine.

Amor. How *Mirvan*, canst thou see our Royall Mrs.
 The poor neglected Queen, thus Scorn'd, thus Slighted,
 Without one pitying Thought.

Mir. A pitying Thought!
 Faith none at all.

Amor. Canst thou be Man and say this?

Mir. No, Fool, were I a man I should not say this.
 But when the cursed Luxury of Greatness
 As the early brand of a Court Slave,
 (A dog a nobler Creature) took Man from me,
 It took Humanity too—Spight, darling Spight.

Amor. But See the Queen and Princess

Mir. Well if this fair *Scythian* Wanton
 This white she-devil do not prove at last
 That firebrand, that State-Firebrand, as shall one day
 Set *Persia* in a Flame:—if this she-Phaeton
 Prove not at last the arrantest State-grievance
 E're ruin'd Monarch, or Suck'r Nation poor,
 May my Propheticks be believed no more.

Enter Queen and Clarismunda.

Queen. The Treasure of my soul, my dear Lords Love,
 The hoarded Mass of a whole Ages Bliss
 All by one midnight Thief for ever lost.

Clar. Indeed my Royall Sister thy sad Story
 Melts pity from my Eyes; and trust me, dear *Herminia*,

My own unhappy Load of Miseries
Have drain'd these Streams so low, their did not want
Thy Sufferings to raise a second Spring.

Queen This generous Sense of my hard Fate speaks thee.
So truly kind— *Claris.* So truly just, *Herminia.*
For in the deep Repentments of thy Wrongs
Mine is no common Share. 'Twas *Clarismunda*
Was their unfortunate Cause. That infamous Creature
That *Scythian* Devill my unhappy Favourite;
By my mistaken Charity to that
Deluding Face, the fatal Cockatrice Egg
Hatcht by my warmth to all this brood of Mischiefe.

Queen. Nay *Clarismunda*, charge not Thy fair Virtue
With so unjust a Stain. Thy part was innocent.
When angry Providence resolves to kill
It easily finds the Means. Misery, and
Misfortune still like Weeds and poysons Shoot.
Alas they want a very little Root.

Clar. Sweet murmuring Turtle hush thy mournfull plaints
And bear thy Soul above the Worlds poor spight.
Let thy dark shades make thy fair Truth more bright.
'Tis the True Diamond that shines by night.
And then the frowns of Fortune we out brave
When Grief is not our Tyrant but our slave.

Exeunt.

Enter Orontes *disguis'd* attended onely by *Briomar.*

Oront. Yonder she moves, my loursing planet moves.
But why do I not follow her, run to her;
Run to my doom, and catch her blasting fires.
Bid all her blazing Bolts of Thunder turn;
Court the Keen Lightning of her Eyes, and burn.

Briom. Oh Royall Sir, think to what threatning Danger
Will your Rash Love expose your Life and Glory.
Yes, if bold Truth may speak, to what unprincely
Nay what unmanly Dangers.— *Oront.* Preaching fool
No more profane Reflections on a Cause
So sacred.— *Briom.* Can there be a Cause so sacred.

To draw you forth from your abandon'd Kingdoms,
And in this poor Disguise to quit your Throne? (*Briomar*

Oront. Quit Thrones! quit Worlds, quit Earth and Heav'n my
Run mad, despair, and dye. *Briom.* Dye Sir!

Oront. Yes, dye.

To Deaths short pain from lingring Tortures fly
Plunge the Vast Deep, and launch to that blest shore
Where *Clarismunda's* Scorn can kill no more.

Briom. Death I confess is Woes last certain Remedy.

But.

But when the Great seek Death, they ought to meet him
 In the fair Paths of Glory. Poorly dying
 Is worse then basely Living. Sir, consider
 You're born to Empire, hold the Charge of Kingdoms,
 A Royall Cause, and a protected people;
 Besides behold a gathering Storm before you,
 Arms at your Gates, and Vengeance round your Walls,
 Advanceing Enemies, and pushing Fate.
 That Death thou seek'st, seek nobly, King. Crown'd Heads
 Should not fall crusht like poor despairing slaves,
 But build their Monuments when they digg their Graves.

Oront. Kind *Briomar*, I thank thy honest Love.
 'Tis true the Charge of Empire lyes upon us.
 Yet Heav'ns Vicegerents are not so all Gods
 But we have a little of the Man about us.
 Shackled with Sovereignty, and tyed up to Honour,
 We are not so fast to golden Fetters curst,
 But Love one Link of the long Chain may burst.
 Oh *Briomar*— I have that last Account yet to make up
 To that Fair Tyrants Ear before I dye.
 That as thou valuest my Eternall Peace,
 By all thy Loyalty I must conjure thee,
 Under the shelter of this kind Disguise,
 To gain me an Access. But one blest Minute
 At *Clarismunda's* Feet.

Briom. But in this kind Disguise can you so rule
 Your master'd Passion, as to-keep your shrow'd,
 No frantick start to burst your guardian Cloud.
 Sir, dare you promise me.— *Oront.* Yes I dare promise.
 Shall I performe my *Briomar*? *Briom* How Sir.

Oront. No more; I'll be obey'd.

Briom. Then Sir, my Duty shall dispute no more;
 Th' Access shall be obtain'd: Though I much fear
 Effects too dismall. *Oront.* Leave Effects to Fate:
 Love spurs the Leap, and Danger Checks too late.

Exeunt.

Scene a Room of State.

Enter Celestina, Rosalin and Women.

Ros. Madam; five hundred Talents from the King,—

Cel. Have Kist my Hand this Morning. *Ros.* From Great Love
 A fair presented Sum. *Cel.* To buy me pins.

A small Oblation. But my Royall Vassall
 Remembers his Allegiance; knows his Duty,
 And pays my Eyes their Tribute— Now, my *Rosalin*,
 How dost thou like the Port our Greatness bears?

Say.

Say is a Monarchs Heart a Toy worth wearing ?

Rosal. Your Conquest is a perfect Reign of Wonders.

Cel. Nay, I have conquer'd now : And such a Conquest,
That surfeited Delight, and gorged Ambition
Have drunk so deep, that they can thirst no more.

Ros. Madam, the Princess —

Cel. Ha ! What brings her here. — perhaps
The Consciencious Fool comes to Preach Honour,
Herminia's Wrongs, and *Celestina's* Fraylty ;
If so ; I am resolv'd I will receive her
Like my great self, the Mistress of a Pow'r
The World's too weak to shake.

Enter Clarismunda.

Clar. I stoop beneath My self when I descend
To talk with Sin and Shame. But sweet *Herminia*
A Champion in Thy Cause commanding Justice
Forgive the Faults offending Honour makes
No ; the proud Theif, the Syren has undon thee
Shall not move off with Her Rich prize so tamely.
I'll talk with the gay Sin, and glittering Infamy.

Cel. These happy Walls and their more happy Mistress
Thus honour'd and thus grace'd ! Believe me Madam,
You've so surprized me with this wondrous Goodness,
Took me so unprepared for a Reception
Worthy of such a Guest — *Clar.* Hold, there's no need
Of so much courtly Ceremony. All
I came to meet I've found, thy self ; and with
The Visitant I bring thee may receive
But half this promis'd welcome.

Cel. If I am All
You came to seek, I am proud that you have found me,
And prouder to receive whate're Commands
Honour can give, or Honour can obey.
As such, no doubt, you bring me, speak Your pleasure.

Clar. Honour ! Oh thou hast named the richest Gem
That e're adorn'd the Fair True Honour, Beauties
Inestimable wealth ; whilst we wear Thee
We have inexhausted Mines of endless Treasure,
Enough t'enrich the world. Where Honour Shines,
Our Eyes are Sparks of Heaven, 'Tis that kind Sun
That lights 'em into Stars. The Great just Powers
Made us the fairest work of their Creation,
Till our own faults our own defacing Shame
Unmakes the work of Gods.

Celest. Ay, now you charm my Ear with ravishing Musick,
Honour our Sexes warmest Pride, Our whole

Devotion, Saint, Heaven, All we kneel and pray to.
 And Madam, if those Powers you name have made
 Beauty the Master-stroke of their Creation,
 I thank their Generous Moulding Hands These Eyes
 Are not their poorest stamp. And to do Justice
 To Heavens unfinished Peice, I shall take care
 In the bright sphere to which my charms have rais'd me,
 Not to unmake, but mend the work of Gods.

Clarif. The Sphere thy Charms have rais'd thee to ! No thou
 Gay gilded Vanity, call 'em thy Sorceries,
 The 'infatuating, false deluding Fires
 Of Sin plumed up with Power, thou vile Usurper.

Celest. Usurper ! That diminutive Imp of Majesty,
 That puny poor Prerogative ! no Madam
 Your kinder Justice sure can find my Glories
 A fairer name. *Clarif.* A fairer name ! *Celest.* perhaps
 The little Murmures Envy and Ignorance,
 Have been too buisny with your Royall Ear,
 And breath'd my Name with their unhallow'd Lips.
 But to correct th' ill manner'd Grin of Fools
 Let the Kings Heart, and these victorious Eyes
 Tell the vain babbling world I reign by Conquest.

Clarif. What do I hear ! Oh thou amazing Front
 Of blushless Guilt ! Thou sit'st enthron'd in Sin then.
 Hold'st thy black seate of shame by Claim and Title,
 And stampst a Royall Sovereignty on Damnation.

Cel. Madam, this Language—But no more
 You are too blame, mistaken angry Princess ;
 For when I shall enform that Peivish Snarler
 For whom thou playst the Champion, what good Offices
 I've done her with the King, She'll have but small
 Occasion of Complaint, For I must tell you
 As my peculiar Grace I have given him Leave
 T'allow her a fair Court, Guards and Attendants,
 And all the Decency that suits her Quality.
 Nay, and to shew you I'm more generous still
 I have permitted him to pay her the
 Civilities of a Wife. *Clarif.* Civilityes !

Celest. And let me tell you. 'Tis not
 A Common Condescension in a Mrs.
 To give a Wife that Liberty.

Clarif. Great Gods ! This is beyond all mortall Patience.
 She gives her Husband Leave ; 'tis she allows her ;—
 Her Favours all---

Oh poor *Herminia*, whither art thou fall'n,

[*aside.*
 Brought

Brought thy rich Royall Veins from thy fair *India*,
 To be a Pensioner to a vile Wanton ;
 Raigñ the Precarious Partner of a Throne.
 But thou rank Weed, thou poysonous plant of Death,
 Oh that thou'dst give thy Soul but so much Leisure
 As even to think—

Cel. Think! I have Thought.
 For Thinking's half the pleasure.

Clar. No, thou too hardend Brow, didst thou but know
 What tis to be--- *Cel.* The Mrs. of a King—
 Yes, very well.

Clar. The Mrs. of a King! no fair Perdition
 Change that gay name and call thy self a Prodigy.

Celest. A Prodigy! Right; all made up of Wonders.
 The very Thing I would be.

Clar. Barbarous Creature!
 Is thy Lethargick Sleep of Death so deaf
 To all th' Alarms of Infamy and Vengeance ;
 That not one frighting Dream nor waking Horror
 Tells thee what hideous Loads of Woe thou hast heap'd
 On Wayling Innocence, the wrong'd *Herminia* ;
 Snatch'd a lov'd Lord from her embracing Arms,
 And left her mourning Days and widow'd Nights :
 Rob'd all her Dearest Joys.

Celest. 'Tis, true, I have so.
 And I confess the Loss is something hard.
 But to repair that Loss, tell the fair Mourner,
 Her Charms are not so lost, but thousand Cupids
 With thousand Darts, and every Shaft a Heart,
 Attend the dayly Triumphs of her Eyes.

Clar. Oh my Chast Ears! [*aside.*]

Cel. What though th' ungratefull King
 Has play'd the Wanderer ; can that fair Shrine
 Want Homagers! The world is not so poor.

Clar. Hold profane Insolent! stop that sulphurous Breath.
 Rooted with horror I have heard thee out ;
 And a chill Damp about my trembling Heart
 Has but just left me blood enough to blush
 That thou wert born of Woman.

Quick Let me fly that cloven footed Treason,
 Least yawning Earth, and swallowing Graves receive me.

Cel. Poor angry thing farewell ; such chattering Daws
 Dismount my Eagle Flight!

That bugbear Conscience! No,
 I've Loves whole Feast before me. And let those

Exit.

Dull puny squeamish Fools that dare not carve
Hug their Lean Virtue, pine, Despair, and starve.

Exit.

Scene Changes.

Enter Herminia and Amarin.

Herm. Art sure this is the Kings Retiring Hour,
And this the place to meet him?

Amor. Ev'ry Minute

His Presence is expected. But dear Madam
I have one humble pray'r, that this small service
Of your Obedient slave be kept a Secret ;
This is forbidden Ground, and 'twill be more
Then half the price of my poor Life to serve you.

Her. Fear not sweet Youth, I'll guard thee from that Danger. [*Ex.*
Forbidden Ground ! Is Love a Crime so mortal ?

[*Amo.*

And am I grown that poyson to his Eyes !

Oh for the Spirit of the great *Semiramis*

To meet my wrongs, and stemm the storm that sinks me

No, I've too much the Mothers Milk within me,

Weep like a Girle, and bend beneath my sufferings ;

Nature intended me some humble shepherdes,

A Creature born to breath her plaints to Woods

And helpless Groves, to mix her feeble Tears

In murmuring Brooks ; too weak to weild the Thunder,

And rowze the sleeping Rage of injur'd Majesty.

Enter King.

King. *Herminia* ! Ha ! That Face, and in these Walls !

Methinks I feel a chilling Damp within me,

A secret check from those accusing Eyes——

Let my retiring shame——

[*going back.*

Herm. My Lord, my King !

King. Madam——

Herm. I have a Grace to beg. Not that I'd ask

Ungratefull Favours from You. But methinks

From all your long long Hours of happier Blissés,

Herminia, sure, may beg one borrow'd Minute——

King That painfull Minute

[*aside.*

Her. There was once a day

When underneath my Native Royall Roof,

Th' Imperiall Towers of the proud Indian Court,

To my first Virgin Charms a gawdy Train

Of suppliant Kings, all Captives to my Eyes

Knelt at my Feet, unless their Sighs deceive'd me,

(For they were men and 'tis a flattering World)

I think (if you have not quite forgot) my Lord

Was one of that fair Train, and loved me too,

Or else my Virgin heart was poorly won.
 I think you lov'd——But if I am mistaken,
 Correct my Fault, and I will weep and mend it.

King. This is too much thou murmuring Sweetness :
 Dry up thy Tears, and weep no more. *Herm.* No more!

King. No more; for trust me
 It is a showr too rich to fall for me.

Herm. Ah King, to dry these ever streaming Sorrows,
 Is not my work but Thine. To stop these Fountains
 Shut thou the springs that feed 'em. Ah my Lord,
 Remove the fatal cause of all these Tears
 And then I'll cease to mourn.

King. Alas *Herminia*!
 Upbraid my Guilt no more; but think me punisht
 Even in my very Sin: for when I am false
 To so much Truth, a Love like thine; 'tis with
 That conscious Shame, and those accusing Horrors——

Herm. That pleasing Pride and those transporting Charms:
 Thou woud'st say——Poor *Herminia*, has no Charms
 Or if she e'er had any, even their very
 Remembrance, like a last nights Dream, the thin
 And vanishing Shaddow gone, they are all lost
 In *Celestina's* Arms, that fatall Ravisher
 Of all my hopes, my Joys, my Life.

King. Ah Madam,
 Cease this too killing Theme: consider me
 As a poor helpless Wretch driven headlong by
 An unaccountable resistless Power.
 Alas, I wou'd be faithfull if I cou'd.
 All that I can, command my bleeding heart,
 My bending Neck, my Head beneath thy Feet:
 These I can grant; but do not ask impossibles.

Herm. Impossibles! nay then I read my Fate.

King. If it be Fate 'tis past our humane power
 To reverse Destiny, and in submitting
 T'immutable Decree exalted Virtue
 Exerts her noblest Wisdom Patience.

Herm. Patience.

Enter Tygranes.

Yes Sir you take the nearest way to teach it me,
 For when your strange unkindness gives me death,
 I shall be husht all Patience in my Grave.

King. Madam, my Charity takes me from your sight
 The greatest Height of pity we express
 To shut our Ears from Greifs we can't redress. [*Offering to go.*]

Herm. Oh stay upon my Knees I do conjure you.

Move

Move not that way : That killing passage leads
To *Celestina* ; And in all your Cruelty

Shew that poor Mercy to the lost *Herminia*,
To stay one little Minute from her Arms.

Tygr. Oh King, can so much Beauty plead in vain ?
All those rich pearly, those dear fair Streams of Life
Drop from those Eyes and unregarded fall.

King. My Brother ! *Tygr.* My dread Lord, could'st thou but think
What Glory waits on Majesty, where Virtue
Shines the bright Jem of Diadems, that sweetness
Need not have Knelt thus long. *King. Tygranes !*

Tygr. Thou dear all Sovereign Goodness, turn but one
Kind look, and view that lovely Kneeling Mourner
Charming in Tears, and beauteous even in Ruines.

Herm. Kind Prince, no more : spend not thy prodigall Breath
On a poor Outcast Wretch, not worth his Thought.

Tygr. But one one Look. Think but what charms invite thee.
Humanity, Religion, Nature ; the
Whole pitying World intreats thee back to Love.
Oh Sir consider rayse your mounting Thoughts
To the exalted charms of Godlike Vertue :
Think what soft Down in Loves rich Bed of Honour,
Fills the calm pillows of embracing Innocence.

King. Oh my *Tygranes.* *Herm.* Yes my dear lov'd Lord
In these incircling Arms these chaste Embraces
No guilty Dreams the starts of frighted sin
And pangs of aking guilt will wake your sleeps,
But fair all Heav'nly Forms seal your clos'd Eyes,
And Quires of Angells lull your Golden slumbers.

King. Alas my poor *Herminia,* *Herm.* Oh my Stars !
I see a dawning pity in his Eyes
Break forth my rising Sun and make it all
Immortall Day and ever shining Joys.

Take Take your kneeling Mourner to your Arms ;
Take me to love, be kind and bid me live,
And stab my bleeding breaking Heart no more.

King. Thou talk'st, sweet Murmurer—

Tygr. Oh Sir embrace the blessed Minute,
Return to her dear Arms, return to all
The Joys of Earth and the Rewards of Heav'n :
Think but what shining Host of Suppliant Saints
Expand their Arms t' embrace thy blest Repentance.

King. My dear *Tygranes,*
My Fame, my Crown, and my Imperiall Cause
Call thee to Arms, to Arms : My muster'd Legions,

And marching Armies wait thee in their head.
Go forth my Son of War: the great To morrow
Leads to the Field.

Tygra. Doubt not that great To morrow;
Be you but Just to day. Run to her Bosom:
Oh run, and take her to your pitying Mercy,
Myriads of Joys and thousand thousand Blissess—

King. Battles and Arms! Hark the Shrill Trump *Tygranes*,
The Alarm of Honour calls.

Tygra. The Trump of Virtue, King;
'Tis that that sounds to call thy wandring Heart
To these abandon'd Arms.

King. The *Scythian* Tyrant,
And *Clarismunda's* Wrongs.

Tygr. The *Scythian* Sorceress,
And lost *Herminia's*, Wounds.

[Exit King forcing him-
[self from them.

Queen. Too cruell King.

Sure I am not the first unhappy Woman
That wept for Broken Vows, and faithless Man:
Yet sure the first that ever wept so soon:
So Young, so early lost, ith' very Morn
Of Love for ever sett— Put generous Prince.
So much I owe thee for this wondrous Goodness;
What kind Return can this vast Debt defray?
What I am too Poor I must beg Heav'n to pay.

Exit.

Tygr. Such charms and this unkind Return! Ah King,
Had those dear Eyes but smiled on blest *Tygranes*
How had I lov'd! Oh Beauty, in thy whole Divinity
How narrow is thy Attribute of Mercy;
Thy Sovereign power of Life and Death so shackled,
That in a thousand Bleeding hearts before thee,
Thy kind reprieving smile can save but one!
Nay, and that very single Mercy too
Is often dealt with that unlucky Hand,
Made some ungratefull tasteless Infidells prize,
Whilst perishing Truth stands by and starving dyes.

Exit.

Finis Actus Tertij.

ACT.

A C T. IV. S C E N E. I.

Celestina and Rosalin.

Cel. **T**H' Embraces of a King ! Poor Satisfaction !
 A Monarchs Darling, but a Kingdoms Loathing.
 All a dishonour'd Blot, the Worlds cheap Theme,
 And common Tale of every grinning slave.
 The Queen !— Ay, she ev'n in her lowest sufferings
 Outshines my tallest Pride, The peoples Love
 And th'universall pity of mankind
 Like perfum'd Sweets embalm her fragrant Fame.
 But me their Hate and Scorn ; my very Sex
 Stand at a Bay all frightened at my Name
 And drive me like a hunted Fugitive
 From out the Herd of Life. I cannot bear it.

Ros. Dear Madam— *Cel.* Oh thou lying Oracle, where's
 My promist Mountains, all your Boasted Miracles !
 No ; Flattering falshood, tell thy Lord of Darknefs
 There is no Faith in Hell. Did'st thou not Promise
 False Prophetess, that I should raign in Pleasure.

Ros. If Sovereignty, Dominion ; if to hold
 A King in Chains, and Crowns in Vassalage, be
 To raign in Pleasure, she has perform'd that Promise.

Cel. A King my Slave ! poor narrow-bounded Throne !
 Thin empty Blis ; for in Possessing His,
 I have lost the Hearts of all the World beside.
 Nay what has all my mighty Conquest made me
 That little despicable Wretch a Harlot.
 Oh the foul Blister, Cankers and Diseases !
 Is there that humblest of my cringing Flatterers,
 That waits th' uprising of my morning Smile,
 And pays me his (All Hayl) for the snatch'd blessing,
 Even with those Lips that kiss the Earth I move on,
 No sooner is his fawning Face turn'd from me,
 But with a low reviling Eye puts forth
 His forked Tongue and hisses at my Shame.

Ros. Why all this foolish Murmur ! Thus concern'd
 For that Course Vulgar Blast the Popular Breath !
 Does your exalted Greatness want Their Love !
 It is enough they fear you. Fear the noblest
 Prerogative, 'twas Fear that first made Gods.

Cel. No, Girle, this Shallow Sophistry— *Ros.* Nay Madam
 Your

Your Witches and your Propheycing Devils
 I'm sure have done their Part. And if you have still
 A giddy roving discontented Thought,
 E'ne blame your own unsatisfy'd desires :
 If Womans vain Ambition covets more
 Then all Hell has to give, 'tis not Hells Fault but Womans.

Cel. But oh my *Rosalin*, I cannot bear
 This publick Odium of the World and live.
 Only the Mistrefs of his loose Desires.
 His burning Kisses all but Sooty Fires.
 That little Outly of his Love, his Mistrefs. *Ros.* His Mistrefs!
 Why wou'd you be his Queen ? *Cel.* His Queen ! Ay, that's -
 A name indeed, that Sacred Post of Honour ;
 Myriads of pleasures wait the hallow'd Brightness ;
 A Solid Heaven of Constellated Blissess,
 Substantiall Power, untainted Glory : Then
 I should have Hearts as well as Knees to serve me.

Ros. His Queen !—Why truly Madam, since your Wishes
 Must soar so high, I know no wondrous Stops
 That hold their Flight, considering your Ascendant,
 The Eyes you wear, and the fond Heart you govern *Cel.* Ha !

Ros. Were the Gordian Bar remov'd between you.
 The golden Fruit would meet your reaching Hand,
 And fairly bid you carve your own Desires.

Cel. The Gordian Bar remov'd ! and fairly carve
 My own Desires !—What Bar but poor *Herminia* ?
 That feeble Thred—Thou dear inspiring Devil !
 Oh what a mountain Thought of vast Ambition
 Comes pouring ore me like a rolling Deluge.

Ros. Madam, Young *Mirvan* the Queens favourite Evnuch.
 Waits for Access as your petitioner. *Cel.* *Mirvan* !
 Admit him. *Enter Mirvan.*

Mir. Madam, amongst the universall Knees
 All bending to salute the rising Sun,
 Might poor I dare t'implore one smiling Beam.

Cel. Push thy fair suit, and try thy generous Fortune.

Mirv. Then Madam, I've a Brother, and a Brother
 Not born like me to curse his riss'd Cradle :
 A Brother that writes Man, and would write Man
 In Characters of Blood. A Youth that dares
 As much as Courage can, or Honour ought.
 And tho' his praise suits not my Mouth, to give
 Fair Truth her due, he wears a Sword, he thinks
 Too brave to rust, a Boy that wou'd lead Men ;
 And therefore begs by me your gracious Interest

For a Commission for him. *Cel.* If thy Brother,
Sweet Boy, but fights with half the Grace thou sue'st
He might lead Armys: Well, kind Advocate,
He shall have a Commission, and a Noble one.

Mirr. Thus low my Kneeling Gratitude—

Cel. Rise *Mirr.*—

This Boy well manag'd— [*aside.*
Rise, my pretty Suppliant,
Thou look'st and talk'st so winningly, there's nothing
I can deny to that petitioning Face.

Mirr. My Face! 'Tis well

I have a Face to beg a Ladys favour. [*aside.*

Cel. Well, gentle Boy, such early Wit as Thine
Tells me thou know'st the World. How dost thou like
The pleasures of a Court! *Mirr.* How shou'd I like

What I want pow'r to taste? *Cel.* Nay, fye, my Boy.

Thou wrong'st my Innocent meaning. *Mirr.* Then to answer

Your Innocent meaning with an Equall Innocence,
That downright Truth your Bounty merits from me
How can I love the Court who hate the World?

Cel. Thou hate it. What have Thy young Years to quarrell at,
That thou shou'd'st hate the World!

Mirr. I had a Father in't.

And for his sake I hate it. *Cel.* For his sake!

Mirr. A poor meanspirited Slave, that got me Man,
And for a wretched Bribe of the Court Gold
Unmade the Thing he got me --- For which I owe him
My honest hearty Curses in his Grave,
And for his sake hate the whole loath'd Creation.

Cel. How *Mirr.* if thou hate'st the whole Creation,
Thou must hate me, and 'tis not safe to talk with thee.

Mirr. Nay Madam (and beleive I Scorn to flatter)
Of all the hated World I love you best:

Because I fancy all those Charms were given you
To do a little Mischeif in the World,
That darling Mistrefs of Eyes dear Mischief.

Cel. Hate the whole world beside? and I alone
The favourite! Nay this is kind indeed.

But may I trust that Kindness? *Mirr.* Trust me Madam!

Now by those Eyes I swear, those brig't Incendiaries
What is't I dare not do to serve that fair Destruction.

Play the proud *Juno* and command me Labours
Like a young *Hercules*; and if I shrink or tire
Say I've a Soul as abject and as base

As the poor frame the Imp of man that holds it.

Cel.

Cel. This is so generous — *Mirr.* Trust me say you.
Nay I will trust you First; and with a secret
Of that prodigious weight. *Cel.* The rarest Tool!

Mirr. Know then the Queen, the more then Widow'd Queen,
Too sad a Mourner at your fatal Triumph
In pure Despair for her deserting Lord
Resolves this very night — *Cel.* Oh my big Hopes! [*aside.*]

Mirr. In a disguise to leave the Court and Kingdom;
And bury all her Sorrows in a Cloyster.

Cel. To my best wish! [*aside.*] *Mirr.* For this Religious Voyage
Who should she choose her Pilot but my self;
Her singular Trust of my confiding Truth,
Has pickt out Me, her only leading Guide
T'her Melancholy Cell.

Peruse this Letter,
Committed to my Care to leave behind her
As her last farewell to her unkind Lord.

Cel. Reads. Letter.

*That I have lov'd you even to a Superstition, planted my very Heav'n
in Love, the Transports of my Despair too plainly testify. But when my
feeble frailty can bear my Wrongs no longer, pardon the Effects of what
Your Unkindness is but the too fatal Cause, when I thus fly from so much
Inhumanity to the Arms of a kinder Heaven.*

Herminia.

Mirr. Now Madam, as you like it, make your best on't.

Cel. Oh *Mirravan*! now I must believe thou lovest me.
This is so kind a Trust. Thou toldst me too
That thou lov'dst Mischief. *Mirr.* Faith, wou'd You durst try.
How much I love it. *Cel.* Sayst thou so, my Boy!

Nay then darst thou be kind, and let me in
A Party to this Plot, a kind Assistant
To hand this Mourning Wanderer to her Cell!
Say, darst thou let me choose her Cloyster for her?

Mirr. With all my Soul. If any Noble Spight
Glow warm within your Breast, set it a blazing.
At that sweet Game form your own dearest Wish,
And mould Your slave to serve you.

Cel. To my Arms
Thou kindest little Engine, serve me, but
As the Rewards I'll pay thee shall deserve,
And melt me into Gold. *Mirr.* Alas dear Madam,
There needs not a Reward to buy my Faith.
Be but your Great Designs what I can wish 'em,
Without the needless Bribe of Gold or Treasure,
I wou'd give Wealth to purchase such a pleasure.

Exeunt.

Scene

Scene Changes. Enter Orontes disguis'd.

Oront. From *Scythia's* Throne, and my proud Armies Head,
From softer Majesty, and rougher Wars
All glittering Plumes, all my once bright *Regalia*
Stript to this narrow Shroud to wrap my Woes,
And bring my Death to *Clarismunda's* Feet.
Oh Love! How unaccountable's thy Power.

Enter Clarismunda attended.

Clar. From that loath'd Name——

Oront. From that loath'd Name *Orontes*
To that lov'd Heaven, his cruel *Clarismunda*,
He has commanded these Commission'd Knees
To beg one listning Minute.

Clar. Your Petition
Is an Ungrateful Theme. Yet I am not
So deaf to my worst Foe, but my kind Patience
Shall lend the Ear thou ask'st.

Oront. Thus then by me
That Sentenc'd Criminal speaks. If by that fairest Hand
Death shakes his Glass, and waves his Brandish'd Shaft;
If executing Destiny's gone forth,
And meager Graves with all their hungry Yawn
Wait their last Gorge of poor *Orontes* Blood:
To his ador'd destroying Angels Ear,
Thus breath his Dying Accents.—— Oh Bright *Madam*!
If Tears that would melt Rocks, if Groans enough
To wake the Sleep of Tombs; if tortur'd Conscience
Above the very Pangs of lost Eternity.
And to all these a Penitence so true,
Enough to unlock Heaven.—— If these, all these
Might beg his Life from Cruel *Clarismunda*, ——

Clar. Could all these beg his Life——

Oront. And with that Life
His *Clarismunda's* Love

Clar. My Love! *Oront.* Thy Love,
Dear, all Divine! For without Love 'tis Death still.
Oh could that dear forgiving Mercy take
A pardon'd Penitent to those dear Arms,
Not Ransom'd Slavery, not Life Reprieved,
Not Crown'd Ambition, nor translated Martyr,
Half, half so blest'd as he! To those fair Eyes
He'd raise those Monuments of mighty Love
Should out-live Worlds; and finishing Time close up
His last Recorded Volume with the Story
How blest'd *Orontes* loved.

Clar. Mistaken Advocate

To have tryed the Eloquence of those soft Sounds,
They should have spoke before *Orfanes* Death.

Oront. And does that Luring Vision wake for ever ;
The lost *Orontes* Crime so all impardonable !

Clar. So impardonable, that
To leave the World with my loud wrongs unrighted,
When I shall meet my great Forefathers Souls,
'Twould make me blush in Heaven.

Oront. Too Cruel Fair !

Clar. Sir, I must hear no more. Go bear your Master
This Answer, as my fix'd Eternal Vow ;
I will have my Revenge : But tell him too
So much I owe to his Repenting Tears
That when my Arming Wrongs that hunted Blood
Shall spill, I'll give the Executing Blow,
Calm as the Priestess at an Altar Kills,
Yet still must Kill.

Oront. But can that Beauteous Priestess
Accept no gentler Sacrifice, no less
Appeasing Victim than the poor *Orontes*
All streaming Blood ? And is one Thought of Mercy
That strange Impossible ?

Clar. So much impossible,
Perhaps beyond the Grave I may forgive him,
On this side Death I must not.

Oront. Then dear Cruelty,
Take, take my thirsted Blood.

[*Discovers himself.*]

Clar. Good Gods, *Orontes* !
Oh King ! How poorly thou hast thy self undone ?
Hast put thy wretched Life into my Power ;
And I must tamely take it. Hadst thou met
My Nobler Vengeance in thy Armies head,
Thrust thy bold Breast against ten thousand Javelins,
Thou might'st have fall'n with Honour, Honour, King !
But now, now I must take this poor Advantage.
(Thou kill'st *Orfanes* poorly)

Forget thou art a King, Uncrown'd, Unthroned,
Led like a Vulgar Slave, bound in Vile Chains,
And at the Tomb of the great *Cyrus*, there,
There through thy humble naked yielding Throat
Hew out my Vengeance, carve thy bleeding Heart
A Sacrifice to *Clarismunda's* wrongs.

My Guards, my Slaves there. [Enter Attendants, Guards.

Attend. Madam, Your Commands ?

Clar. If your lost Honour, and your bleeding Country,

An injur'd Monarch, and a Kingdoms shame,
Can rouse your Swords——

Oront. Strike, strike 'em through this Breast.
Yes, generous Persians, behold before ye
The black *Orontes*, *Scythias* Tyrant Lord,
Stain'd in the Blood of Thousand, Thousand Persians ;
And the deplored *Orsanes* barbarous Murderer.
But bear me to the Tomb of your great *Cyrus* ;
There hew your Vengeance, carve my bleeding Heart
A Sacrifice to *Clarismundus* Wrongs.

Clar. So pleas'd with Fate ! Then thou'rt in love with Death

Oront. So much in Love, that on my Knees I'll meet it.
I wear a Load of useless Life about me ;
And thou'rt so kind to ease me of my Burthen.
Now Gentlemen, perform your Royal Charge :
Bear me to Death, to Death with the Vile Monster
Loaded with Chains, led forth a publick Spectacle
To pointing Infamy and hissing Scorn :
For that fair Doom will have it so.

Clar. Will have it so !

Oront. Quick, quick, ye tedious Slaves.
Can she speak Death, and you want Wings to execute ?
Let not Crown'd-Head, nor King, those titular Sounds
Tye up your Hands, those forfeit Names my Crimes
And this wrong'd Fair——
But bear me to my Death, to Scaffolds, Gibbets,
Stript to a Naked Dungeon Malefactor,
Tread my crush'd Soul.——

Clar. Stand off ye Impious Villains !
A Monarch's Blood, and shed by Hangmen's hands !
Oh, whither was my Fleeting Glory going !
His bending Neck like a tame bleating Sacrifice,
A stroke beneath my Scorn——But haste *Arfaces*.
Raise all my Persian Guards, and in their Head
Go, bear him back, back to his moving Armies,
Safe to his headed Legions. There *Orontes*,
At the Proud Front of all thy Royal Squadrons,
With Groves of Spears, and walling Shields around thee,
Rich in thy Crested Plumes, and Glittering Steel,
Worthy the Persian Swords, and *Clarismundus* Vengeance,
Strike then my Arm of Fate.

Oront. Oh wondrous Honour !
Even in amazing Cruelty !

Clar. Yes Scythian.
Though all the Persian Bolts

Are levell'd at that Heart, thy Blood *Orontes*,
 My whole rich Game of Death; yet not to share
 My hunted Lyon in Ignoble Toils——
 No, King; Return, return; thy Crown, thy Arms,
 And Royal Standard want thy leading Sword.——

Oront. So brave a Foe !——

Clar. Reserve thy Sword thy Answer:
 Arm'd at the head of slaughter'd Fields, there Scythian
 Fall thy great self, Die warm my Royal Enemy;
 To morrows hotter Veins my Vengeance pay:
 Thy Blood *Orontes* is too cold to Day. [Exit.

Oront. Die warm! Yes, Generous Foe, thy envy'd Glory
 Shall light my Fire; Despair to Fury turn:
 In my last Flash my brightest Blaze shall burn.
 Through Blood and Death move on 'gainst all thy odds,
 Thy Wrongs, the Arming World, and battailing Gods!
 For by those Eyes a Sacrifice decreed,
 'Tis just I should a glorious Victim bleed. [Exit.

Scene Changes. Enter Celestina, and Rosalin.

Cel. The Bolt is shot, and now a Crown stand fair. [aside.

Ros. Madam, I'm all Amazement at the News!

Cel. Amaz'd, at what? To hear a mad young Wife
 Has took a Midnight's Ramble!

Ros. But the Queen!

Oh Madam! Certainly some strange Despair
 Has caus'd this Secret Flight, perhaps to seek
 Some solitary Grot to Sigh and Die.

Cel. To Sigh and Die! Poor innocent Simplicity!
 What if she's stoln to some retiring Solitude,
 To meet a private Lover?

Ros. How! a Lover!

Cel. Mark the Truth, I tell thee
 That very thing a Lover.

Ros. 'Tis impossible!
 Such Tears, and so much Nuptial Faith——

Cel. Why, All
 That's nothing: Womans Truth like Womans Beauty,
 Is not a thing Immortal.

Ros. But dear Madam,
Herminius rigid Principles of Honour,
 And her fond Sighs even for her Faithless Lord,
 Admit a Lawless Love! *Cel.* Though it be Lawless
 Is it not Love still, Fool?

King. Dear Sovereign of my Soul,

[Enter King.

Asia's

Asia's fair Pride, and *Persia's* more than Conqueror,
Thou all amazing Brightness to my Bosom.

Cel. Oh Prince! Encircled in these Arms, methinks
The Transport of my Joys bears my wing'd soul so high
Till I look down on Under-Worlds beneath me.

King. Look down indeed, thou dear Triumphant Fair,
Whilst those poor Under-Worlds all blushing own
Their whole Creation cannot match these Eyes.

Cel. Nay, now you flatter.

King. By those sweets I cannot.
For thine are Charms above the reach of Flattery.
But, Madam, t'add one Trophy to your Eyes,
The poor Resenting Queen (wouldst thou believe it)
Is this Night fled from Court.

Cel. Alas, poor pitted Sweetness!

King. Pristhee be kind, and Read this murmuring Scrole,
A Farewel Letter she has left behind her.

Celest. Reads.

*That I have Loved you to a Superstition, planted my very Heaven in
Love.———Your Unkindness is the too Fatal Cause when I thus
fly———to the Arms of a kinder Heaven.*

Herminia.

King. That she is gone, and th' angry Cause that drives her,
Her Letter speaks too plain. But whither gone?
That she has wrap'd in Mystery. I suppose
I must be kept in Darkness from that Secret.

Cel. Darkness and Mystery! Why is there any thing
In this plain, easie, naked, honest Letter
Writ in that Cypher that it wants a Key to't?

King. Why, Canst thou Read her meaning?

Cel. Fie, my Lord,
Can you not Read it?———Why this idle Question?
You will not Read it, Sir.———And 'tis so generous
I love you for this goodness.

King. Will not Read it!

Cel. Ay, will not, must not: And 'tis Noble in you.
A little innocent Ignorance is sometimes
A Manly Virtue, worthy even a King.

King. Madam, This is all Riddle!

Cel. Riddle!———Nay, Sir, as if you did not know
Where, and to whose Embracing Arms she's gone.

King. Arms, and Embraces!

Cel.

Cel. Ah poor Lady!

We little guess the pains of slighted Love.
But her Despair has took the wisest remedy.
Her Grievs have found a very gentle Cure.
Nay, she's so kind to make it her Confession,
And you're more kind to wink at little Frailties

King. Still you talk in Clouds.

Has she made you the Confident of her Flight,
Or is there ought coucht in that mysttick Scrole
My shallow Reason has not depth to fathom!
If so, 'twere kind you would instruct my weakness.

Cel. Nay, if you'll force me then to play th'Interpreter,
T'explain a Ladies blushing weakness. Mark Sir——
She tells you first she lov'd t' a Superstition,
Planted her very Heav'n in your embraces.

And when that slighting unkind Heav'n forsakes her,
Tells you, as honestly, to supply your room,
She'as chose the Arms of a much kinder Heav'n;
And pray what Heav'n, what Arms, but kind *Tygranes*?

King. My Brother! ha!

Cel. You know he's gone to th' Camp:
And she's as kindly gone to meet him there.

King. God's! 'tis impossible.

Cel. Nay, to convince you.

'Tis now stale news, even Boys and Varlets talk it.

King. Confusion!

Cel. The young *Mirvan*, Sir's, my Oracle.
That ushering Squire to her amorous Errantry;
The Boy (as Boys will talk) the mighty Secret
Alas, too weighty for his tender strength,
Amongst his small Companions at their parting,
Dropt it behind him, and the Tale thus handed
Amongst my laughing Slaves it reacht my Ear.

King. So hot my Minion,
A follower of a Camp,
A Leaguer Devil. —————

Cel. Nay, now you're too unkind. What has she done!
Remember, Sir, she brought you Youth and Beauty,
And scarcely tasted Love before she lost it;
And if poor Lady, forsaken thus unkindly,
It takes some harmless freedom. Is't so great
A Fault in our poor Sex to look abroad
Only to borrow what we've lost at home!

King. My Brother too, that Preaching Saint her Stallion!

Cel. Oh fie, Sir, such hard Words, and such sad Names!

King.

King. Damnation ! This is Impudence enough
To fire the Veins of Statues. Had she plaid
The private Wanton, took her scapes in Covert,
In Groves or Shades——But in the face of Day.
To run t' a Camp, and publish my Dishonour
Before Two hundred thousand Witnesses,
Like a trail'd Scent for the whole Hunting World
To run me down a Monster——

Cel. Now the kind Gods defend your Sacred Peace.
Why all this Rage?

King. Death ! At an Armies head ;
The Dia of War to tune her sporting Dalliance,
'Larm'd to Lust, and Trumpeted to Infamy !

Cel. Nay, if I thought I should have rais'd this Storm ! ——

King. Now, by the Fame of all my Royal Ancestors
That sleep beneath the Dust, or wake above the Stars
If I show Mercy on 'em ——

Cel. How, Sir, Mercy !

King. Bring the returning Fiends but to my reach ;
Not interceding Victory, Crowns, Laurels,
The Conquer'd *Scythia*, nor *Oroetes* Head
Shall buy their forfeit Lives.

Cel. How, Sir, their Lives ! Oh Heavens what have I done !

King. Madam, forgive me one retiring Minute,
And think no common Fire my Bosom warms,
When it has pow'r to snatch me from these Arms. [Exit

Cel. Both, both their Lives ! A hearty Promise King,
And I'll take care thou shalt perform as heartily.

Yes, through their Hearts my path to Empire lies ;

Chalk'd out so plain my Devils must booty play,
If in so fair a Walk I miss my way. [Exit

Scene, A Camp Enter Herminia and Mirvan.

Mirv. Command the Chariot to attend.

Queen. Where is't thou lead st me, Boy !

Mirv. To a Cloyster, Madam.

The silent Cell for your reposing Sorrows.

Queen. But Boy, is this my way ! Methinks I hear,
The sound of neighing Steeds, and echoing Trumpets,
And view a spacious Plain before me, cover'd
With Tents and Standarts, say, my gentle Boy

Where am I ?

Mirv. In the Camp ?

Queen. Ha ! In the Camp.

Mirv. The *Persian* Camp.

Queen. Oh Boy, What hast thou done ?

Mirv.

Mirr. Nothing, dear Madam ; only executed
Your dread Commands.

Queen. Mine !

Mirr. Since the Glorious choice
Of your retiring Solitude, a Shrine
Worthy so bright a Saint, was Charge, too weighty
For my young Years, I have conducted you
This way, that kind *Tygranes* ———

Queen. How ! *Tygranes* !

Mirr. Yes, Madam, that that generous Prince's care
May be your Nobler Guide, and kindly finish
That Sacred Trust my weakness undeserves.

Queen. Good Heaven ! The Prince !

Mirr. Madam, I have sent for him.

Pardon th'officious Zeal of your poor Slave.

Queen. Thou rash unthinking Boy *Enter Tygranes.*

Mirr. And see he's here.

Tygr. Madam, a pleasing, but surprizing Message
Told me, that that all beauteous Excellence
My Camp thus Honour'd with her Royal Presence,
Was pleas'd t'have some Commands for poor *Tygranes*.

Queen. Commands, *Tygranes* ! No ; that idle Boy,
That naughty thing --- Oh Prince, I am all Confusion.

Tygr. Let not a faint desire check your fair Thoughts.
Nor doubt your Vassals Honours, nor Obedience
If there's ought lodg'd within that Sacred Breast,
There needs no more than that dear Breath of Life,
To speak and to create.

Queen. Alas *Tygranes*,
I know not what to say : And yet my Silence
Has such a guilty Look Forgive my Blushes,
And I will speak, Oh Prince, despairing Loves
Tormenting Pangs have brought this wretched wanderer,
Stoll'n from a hated Court.

Tygr. How, Madam !

Queen. Stoll'n
From all the Syrens Songs, and *Circes* Bowls
That from these Arms have stoll'n my dearest Lord.
I have left th'uneasie Load of tarnish'd Diadems,
In some lone Cell to seek my Peace and Grave ———
But this unlucky Guide, this foolish Boy ———

Mirr. My Royal Mistress too much Honour'd Confident.
But the important Charge too great, my Zeal
For her dear Service has surpriz'd her hither,
Only t'implore your kind assisting Hand ———

Tygr. Madam, in this rash Deed, what have you done!

Queen. Done *Tygranes*!

Left Infidelity, Ingratitude,

False Oaths, gay Sin, and glitr'ring shame behind me.

Tygr. Yes, left Shame, to meet Shame.

Queen. What says *Tygranes*!

Tygr. What all Mankind must say. Oh Madam, think,

Think what reflecting Names the censuring World

Must give so frail a weakness. Fled from Court,

Run, poorly run! *Queen.* Yes, with my wrongs.

Tygr. Wrongs, Madam!

Are Wrongs so heavy as to out-weigh Honour!

Queen. And is it that dishonourable Flight

To quit the World, to seek the Arms of Heaven?

Tygr. Heaven must be sought as Heaven prescribes our seeking.

Thou art a Wife, *Herminia*; and the Seal

Of plighted Faith, entail'd Obedience on thee.

Is this Commission'd Flight thy Lords Command?

Or 'cause he breaks his Vows, must thou break thine?

Queen. What's this I hear?

Tygr. Woudst thou seek Heaven, *Herminia*,

A noble Patience is thy Scale to mount it.

Is it a pain to live too near thy wrongs,

To see thy Lord run Faithless from thy Arms

To an Adultress Bed? Let thy wet Eyes

Turn from his Shame, and weep for his Conversion.

If he be False, wait his return to Truth:

But if he ne'r return, perform Thy part:

Finish thy lingering mourning Race of Martyrdom

And win the Crown of Love.

Queen. Oh Prince, thou talk'st——

Tygr. As thou shouldst Act *Herminia*. But this mean

Ignoble Flight will blemish all thy Brightness.

Thy Fame, thy Virtue, thy Religion, all

Stand frighted at the Thought.

Queen. Kind Prince, no more.

Tygr. Yes, one thing more, let my prevailing Pray'rs

Recall thy wandering Reason, and return thee

To thy ungrateful Lord.

Queen. Enough, dear Prince,

You've wak'd my Shame, and touch'd my Soul so near,

That I must follow where such Glory leads:

Tygr. Then instantly I'll dispatch a kind Express

To excuse thy blushing Fault, and smooth thy way.

Till then, this Night accept a poor Pavilion;

Too mean a Palace : But Respect and Reverence
Shall make up what the humble Roof has wanting.

Queen. Dispose me as you please.

Tygr. To Morrow's Sun decides the face of *Scythia*,
If Victory shall please t'attend my Chariot,
I'll be my self thy proud returning Guard.
But if I fall, with my last dying Breath
To the surviving World I will bequeath thee,
A charge worthy the World, protected Innocence.

Mirr. It goes on rarely.

Tygr. Look up, dear Madam ; Heav'n may still have Joys
Reserved. But if of all all hopes bereft,
Thy wrongs are all thy mournful portion left ;
Shine through thy Clouds, bear thy fair Head above
The frowning World, and mount a smiling Star.
In all thy Loads, too low disdain to stoop
'Tis brave to suffer, when 'tis poor to droop.

Queen Herm. Oh Prince, thou hast read me so Divine a Lesson,
And painted Ruine in a Face so lovely,
That thou hast tuned my Soul to all the Musick
Of a whole Quire of Angels, Yes *Tygranes*,
To my too cruel Lord I will return
Return to all the Pangs, to all the Miseries
Of ever mourning Love ; Life's bitter Draught
Lift to my Lips with that unshaking Hand——
For oh thou hast taught me to be greatly wretched
To be Divinely Blest.

Tygr. Do this *Herminia* !

Queen. Nomore my wandering Pilgrimage, no, Prince,
I'll build my House of Sorrow in a Palace,
Under my Roof of Gold a Hermit dwell ;
A Court my Cloyster, and a Throne my Cell. [*Exeunt all but Mirr.*

Mirr. So now the Toil is set, and dear Destruction
Comes rolling on apace. What a vast Pile
Of Ruine shall I build. 'Tis hard *Herminia*,
And I could pity thee——Why should I pity ?
My bloody Cradle, and my barbarous Parents,
And shall I feel remorse, when ev'n my Father
To his own Blood ne'r felt it. No, vain pity,
Seek softer Breasts ; mine has no room to lodge thee.
Besides, I move by that commanding Influence

I know not, *Celestina*, by what Charm

But thou hast bound my Soul, and Nerv'd my Arm,
Joyn'd in thy Cause, we that bright Comet Reign,
Thou the Fair Star, and I the Blazing Train. *Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Celestina, Mirvan, and Rosalina.

Cel. **R**eturning home Victorious!

Mir. If to leave

A hundred thousand Foes in Battle slain.

If Conquer'd *Scythia*, and the great *Orontes* -
Led home in Persian Chains can write Victorious,
Tygranes wears that Title.

Cel. And to grace

His Victory he brings the beauteous Fugitive
A fair Attendant t'his Triumphant Chariot,
To court the Kind forgiving King's Reception
Of the returning Wanderer.

Mir. If her Religious Ramble (as I've manag'd it)
Has not a little pay'd her Path too rough,
Some such good natur'd Office he intends her.

Cel. And thou my little Harbinger kindly com'st
Before 'em to prepare me for their Welcome.

Mir. Yes, Madam, That's my Errand. For to give
My self, and dear sweet Villany their due,
Mischief and I have both rid Post to serve you.

Cel. My dearest little Devil, how I love thee!
But, *Mirvan*, after this first lucky hit,
Darest thou be generous, and play out thy Game?

Mir. Dare! Can you doubt my Courage, or my Constancy?
Is glorious Treason a design too great,
Or this Young Arm too dastard? Have I launch'd
Thus far and stood thus firm to stagger now?
By my fair Truth this poor Suspicion wrongs me.

Cel. It does indeed, sweet Youth, forgive my Fears:
I know thy honest Truth too well ——— to trust it.

[*aside.*]

But my kind Boy, I am afraid I have kept thee
Awake too long. I know this Nights hard Travel
Has tired thy tender Limbs, and thou want'st Rest.
To Bed, my Boy; and when thou hast repos'd awhile
I'll send, my pretty Engineer, and call thee.

Retire sweet Boy, and Sleep ——— [Exit *Mirvan*.]

——— Thy last, young Fool.

Thy Bed, thy Grave. Yes, my kind honest Traytor
Thy hand has done me too much faithful Service
To leave thee a dangerous Tongue alive to spoil it.

Besides my little Tool, my ripining Plot
 Has business for thy Death : And be't thy Glory :
 As thou hast liv'd, so thou shalt serve me Dead.
 And therefore sleep thy last. ——— Now my designs
 Are all in my own Breast. Treason's a Jewel
 When the rich Cabinet has but one Key.
 They're only truly Great who are safely so.

Ros. Well, Madam, Your Propheticks are all Oracles :
 And the mad roving Queens amazing Ramble
 Has fill'd the World with wonder.

Cel. Fame indeed
 Talks something loud. ———

Ros. 'Tis true, the Prince has sent a soft Express,
 And smoothly laid it all upon Religion.

Cel. Religion in a Camp. — Ah, Girl, if the
 Soft King has easie Faith enough about him
 To think no warmer a Devotion hatch'd
 This gentle Pilgrimage, than Zeal and Prayer-Books.
 No, *Rosalin*, he's not that blind believer ;
 I fear thou'lt find that rougher Faith about him,
 A gathering that black Storm as will rain Blood.

Ros. *Herminia's* Blood, and *Celestina's* Glory,
 Her Scaffold, and your Coronation.

Cel. Right ;
 That sullen Hour that wraps her head in Dust
 Wreaths mine in Diadems. *Herminia's* Grave
 The Basis of my Pyramide. 'Tis true,
 It is a little hard, thou poor *Herminia*,
 To cut so keen as I must. But Ambition,
 Ambition gives the blow ; and when that strikes
 Remorse nor Pity, no faint check controuls
 That two-edg'd Fate tho' bar'd with Lives and Souls.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tygranes, Herminia, and Orontes Prisoner.

Guards and Attendants.

1 *Atten.* A nobler Game of Glory ne'er was play'd :
 Fortune set high, a Kingdom on a Battle,
 And one bold Throw has swept the mighty stake.

2 *Atten.* By this dear Light that Sun that smil'd to see
 The richest Crimson that the Earth e'er dy'd,
 Not the proud *Jove* from the defeated Giants
 Return'd with fairer Laurels than *Tygranes*.

Tygr. Enough my generous sharers of my Fame ;
 Your lavish Goodness plays too much the Prodigal.
 My Victory dares not challenge half this Triumph.
 'Tis true, the Fortunate *Tygranes* fought,

But 'twas the Justice of his Quarrel Conquer'd.
 Courage is only ours, Success is Heav'n's :——
 And for thy Fate, *Orontes* ——

Oront. Mine, *Tygranes*,
 Is to curse Life and Thee ; my Life alone
 Too much to bear ; but Life and Shame together,
 That double load of Misery —— Oh Prince !
 When thy keen Sword cut through my Conquer'd Kingdom,
 Had it been kind, and carv'd my Heart too, dying
 I could have loved thee, but must hate thee Living.

Tygr. If thou repine'st at thy ill Chance of War,
 Blame thy bad Cause. If overtaking Destiny
 Has dealt thee that hard Lot that does not please thee,
 Remember King thy Ruine is no more
 Than thy Desert, thy Punishment, *Orontes* :
 And sufferers are not choosers of their pain.——
 But to perform my last just Rites of Victory,
 Thou *Orimon*, go Visit our wrong'd Sister ;
 And in a Brothers Name bear her that Trophy :
 A present from her own Triumphant Vengeance.

Oront. To *Clarismunda* ! My too generous Conqueror,
 This is so kind, I'll thank thee for this Goodness
 Even in my Grave : For Oh ! a Grace so high,
 Thou givest me leave at those dear Feet to die.

[Exit Guarded.]

Tygr. But hark, the King approaches.
 My Beauteous Charge I am thy Champion now :
 A prouder Cause than all my Scythian Conquests.

Enter King attended.

My Royal Lord, low at your Sacred Feet
 With the fair Harvest of your own rich Field,
 Thus prostrate kneels the proudest of your Vassals,
 By your great Cause, that fair inspiring Genius
 Led forth to Victory.

King. Mine, *Tygranes*, my
 Inspiring Genius ! No ; a little, sure
 Of that fair Cause, that soft Inspirer.

Tygr. How, my dread Liege !

King. That Beauty, those fair Eyes,
 They were so kind to See you Conquer. *Tygr.* Sir !

King. To stand the kind Spectator of your Victory ;
 Oh the fair Hand of a soft melting Venus !
 To buckle on the Sword of her proud Mars ;
 To plume his Crest, and send him forth to Battle.

Tygr. Death and Confusion ! *Queen.* Oh my blasted Fair !

Tygr.

Tygr. Oh thou amazing Voice of Royal Thunder
Break forth from thy dark Cloud, thou louring Heav'n,
And say what mean these Mystick Sounds of Horror?

King. Mean! Is that a Question
At this loud Hour of all thy Ecchoing Treason,
The crying Shame of that incestuous Devil.

Queen. Good Gods!

Tygr. Oh King! what false infernal Malice
Dares blast the Fame of that all beauteous Truth.

Queen. For the last Blow to all my bleeding Sufferings,
My Loyal Faith, and all my Mourning Innocence
Transform'd into this hideous Gorgon!

King. Innocence! But my tame Justice sleeps too long.
Sieze this brace of Monsters.

Tygr. Hold angry King!
Oh stop your headlong Fury!
Till the wrong'd Virtue of that brightest Saint
Has wiped the spots from her fair Ermin Whiteness,
Stab'd the foul Falshood through the Canker'd Throat,
And Seer'd the Tongues of Blasphemy.

King. No doubt on't.
Run to a Camp to cool her burning Hell,
And in the height of the ingendring Crocadiles
Whine Heav'n and Sanctity.

Queen. How can I hear these dismal Sounds and Live?

Tygr. Plot, rank Conspiracy! The Camp!
That undesigning Chance the foolish Error
Of an unlucky Boy. But if so light
A shadow can assume a shape so dreadful,
Sir, let the Boy be call'd, the fatal Cause
Of this accurst Mistake, young *Mirvan*.

King. How! that young Bawd! Dost thou call him thy Witness!
No, thou Grand-Fiend, thou know'st thy wiser Politicks
Have husht that Traytor with a Dose of Poyson.

Tygr. Riddles and Death! Still more mysterious Horror.
Poyson! *King.* Yes Poyson!

Your Midnight Purveyor, your trusty Pandar,
In a return for all his faithful Services,
Your dark designs too great for that weak Counsel-keeper;
By a kind Drug sent Sleeping from the World.
But your thin Arts and all your Cobweb-Veils —

Tygr. Some most accursed Engine of Damnation. —

King.

King. Dull canting Fool — But hence, I'll hear no more

Queen. Yes, Royal Sir, Hear your poor wrong'd *Herminia*.
By yon fair Lamps, and fairer Heav'n that lights 'em,
By all the hopes of my Eternal Peace —

King. Whining Syren — But
Treason ne'r wants a Knee, nor Guilt a Tongue;
Sighs, Prayers and Tears are the false Tools they cheat with.
Take 'em away; and house 'em in a Dungeon.

Tygr. Yet hold your mad blind Rage
Till some kind God, the guard of pitted Innocence
In the dear Cause of that all Angel Goodness —

King. Silence that poison'd Breath, vain talking Slave, — [Exit.]

Tygr. Oh thou all-ruling Providence, what an
Ungovern'd World thy great first Mover turns,
If Truth has this Reward — And Thou bright Virtue,
Thy most inhumane Wrongs, hard-fated Fair, —
Oh how can the Almighty Justice give
Prevailing Hell this strange unbridl'd Pow'r

Queen. Yes, Prince, Hell has prevail'd, and 'tis a sad
Sad Portion, but if the Divine Dispenser
Has so ordain'd, 'tis not our part to quarrel
Omnipotence; we may wail Misery,
But must not murmur at it.

Tygr. Miracle,
Of Goodness.

Queen. No, *Tygranes*, if the Toil
Of Fate is set, and our pursuing Blood hounds
Have caught our hunted Lives, our Stars have dealt us
The hardest Lot on Earth, only to purchase
The fairest Crown in Heaven.

*Enter a Messenger who speaks to the Officer that has the
Custody of the Queen and Tygranes.*

Mes. 'Tis the King's Pleasure
That Execution be dispatch'd immediately.
The Queen and Prince are both those popular Darlings,
Delay may be unsafe; and for that reason
He calls this hastning blow.

Officer. Curse on the Office. [Aside.
If forc'd Obedience to the King's Command, } *Kneels to the*
And the ungrateful Duty I must pay, } *Queen and Prince.*
May hope a Pardon. —

Queen. If the King Commands
Rise and Obey: Thy Part, poor Slave, is innocent,
If he must Kill, and guileless Veins must bleed,
The Axe is blameless, 'tis the Judge that's cruel.

Tygr.

Tygr. But, cruel King, thou merciless Arm of Fate.
Have all my Laurels, And what's more than Laurels?
Has that chaste Mourner deserv'd his hard hard Fate?

Queen. What we have deserv'd, *Tygranes*
Is ours no more; What we must suffer, Prince,
Is all our Business now? We must prepare
For Death. Death! Is that all! Witness ye Pow'rs,
That I dare Die—— The only pain in Dying
Will be to leave a blotted Name behind me,
The branding Blazon of Recorded Infamy.

Tygr. No, thou fair Saint,
To Die's too much; fear not a Second Murder.
Treason and Perjury may have pow'r to Kill
The Innocent, but not Innocence. The Martyrdom
Of Honour, Slander'd Truth, and traduced Virtue
Are so Divine a Charge, that care of Providence,
That if no earlier Justice wakes to right 'em,
The very Prodigies of Heav'n and all
Their aiding Miracles rise up their Champions.
Thy Fame, *Herminia*, must not dye, though thou must.

Queen. Shall my Fame live? Nay, then to death lead on.
Lye white my Winding-Sheet, and soft my Grave.
But Prince, must thou bleed too? *Herminia's* Ruines
Pull down thy Fate with mine Thy Blood *Tygranes*!
This is too much, ye Gods. How shall I make
My last great Audit at th' Eternal Throne,
For thy unhappy Death. At my own Grave
There I can smile, but I must weep for thine.

Tygr. A tear, that fair rich Pearl of Life for me!
My poorer Veins not worth the care of Heav'n!
When such neglected brighter Virtue-bleeds.
But, if the generous Fair, must play the Prodigal,
Oh! let me teach thee how to give me Blessings
Beyond the price of Lives: When on thy Throne
Thy radiant Throne of Stars those Eyes I meet
T'obtain in Heaven what was on Earth too great,
Shall I have leave to kneel at those dear Feet?

Queen. Yes Prince, thou shalt kneel there. And if there be
One richer, fairer Coronet above
For wondrous Truth, and more prodigious Love,
O're that dear Brow with the Jemm'd Wreath I'll stand,
And Crown thee Martyr with my own kind Hand.

Tygr. Nay, then to Death, to Life, to Glory, all
At one kind Blow.

Queen. And oh to meet that Blow

With

With all the pomp of Martyrdom we'll go;
And Shine above, to Light the World below.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene Changes, Enter Orontes and Clarismunda.

Oront. To Heaven the dearest, and on Earth the Fairest,
Thy Guardian Gods have done thee Justice now.
A Hundred thousand slaughter'd *Seythian* Ghosts,
In the fresh Blushes of their Crimson Gore,
Walk the black *Strand*, to tell the trembling *Shades*
The wondrous Tale of *Clarismunda's* Vengeance.

Clar. Yes, King, my Stars at last are just.

Oront. So just, that all yon bright Eternals,
The Pow'rs that gild the Night, and guide the Day,
Rank'd their embattell'd Fires for *Clarismunda*,
All the proud Champions in thy darling Cause:
So keen the Sword that arming Beauty draws.

Clar. If aiding Heav'n has battel'd on my side,
It has no more than plaid its own Revenger;
Mine are Heavens wrongs, their own Divinest Image
Stabb'd in my Wounds, and their own scourge has punisht 'em.

Oront. If their own scourge has punish'd 'em, and all
The pouring Vials of immortal Wrath
Have fill'd the whole embitter'd Draught of Woe,
May I have leave to ask that beauteous Judge
Is her avenging Sword of Fate yet satisfied.

Clar. Satisfied!

Oront. That Sword, thou dear Divine Destroyer.
After such streams of Blood, and piles of Graves,
Is the keen Death, the reeking Point still drawn
At poor *Orontes* Heart?

Clar. Indeed thou askst that Question——

Oront. I would have thy Mercy answer.
Say, thou All-Angel Sweet, if angry Heaven
Has emptied all its Quivers on this Head,
Has *Clarismunda* still new Bolts to Kill.

Clar. New Bolts! No, wretched King, those righteous Pow'rs
Have made my Wrongs that ample satisfaction,
I now can ask no more.

Oront. If those kind Pow'rs
Have paid thee all the whole indebted Summ,
May I presume to ask that fair Offended,
If a poor punisht Criminal, his stains,
Wash'd with the Bloud of thousand thousand Lives,
From tott'ring Pow'r, and falling Empire lost,

H

From

From all the glitt'ring Wreaths of Royal Honours,
 Crusht to base Chains, a vile inglorious Slave,
 Say, is this little Out-cast of the World
 Still that strange hateful Monster?

Clar. No, *Orontes*,

Thou'rt falln so low, I must not hate thee now:

Oront. What says that Breath of Life?

Cl. ris. Must hate no more.

No, suff'ring Wretch, thou hast met thy Crimes Reward:
 And Justice, when her executing Arm
 Has struck the Blow, turns her veil'd Eyes away
 And sees the Guilt no more. On thy proud Throne
 And tow'ring at thy prouder Armies head
 When Death met Death; and Thunder grappled Thunder,
Orontes then in all thy circling Glories
 The Tyrant Lord of Pow'r was worth my Frown,
 I could look up and hate thee, down I must not.

Oront. Then farewell Empire, Thrones, Dominion, all
 The plagues of Pow'r, and curse of Crowns farewell.
 And my dear Chains, and Glorious Misery Welcome.
 For now she hates no more, Chant that blest Sound,
 Ye great Angelick Quires, immortal Sweets
 Perfume the hallow'd Breath, and bear it round
 The echoing Skies, and all the list'ning Globe
 That *Clarismunda* now can hate no more.
 My Chains, my Fetters! No, thou Dear all Heav'n,
 My Bracelets, strings of Pearl, and links of Gold
 But thou all Sacred Sweetness, cou'dst that kind
 Unclouding Brow to all this infinite Goodness
 Add one rich Blessing more, cou'dst thou love too

Clar. Love! Love!

Oront. Yes, Love, thou All-descending Goodness:
 Turn not those beauteous Eyes away. Oh Arm
 Those pointed Deaths no more. I am no longer
 The black *Orontes* now: 'twas *Scythia's* Tyrant
 Pride and Ambition's Purple Devil, all
 The burning Hells of Power that sinn'd against thee.
 But I am now no more. No, thy kind Brother
 Like the Great *Jove* has crusht the tumbling Giant,
 Stript all my guilty Greatness to a little
 Poor naked Slave, an humble crawling Wretch,
 The Scepter'd Savage, and Imperial Monster,

Those hideous Names all banisht from the World,
And I am nothing now but kneeling Love.
And if that pardoning Mercy —————

Clar. Oh *Orontes*.

Thy Tears, thy Penitence, and to Crown all
Thy murmuring Love pleads with that courting Eloquence —
But ha! What says my Heart?

Oront. Oh speak thou dearest Oracle of Life,
Breathe the Celestial Sound — Methinks I saw
The pitying God in those relenting Eyes
Just issuing down with all his glitt'ring Mercy,
But those seal'd Lips shut up the lovely Paradise,
And cruelty hold back the kind descending Heav'n.

Clar. Well Prince, if I must speak, — But oh forgive
My blushing weakness, when these Eyes must tell thee,
That thou hast conquer'd, thou hast conquer'd, King,
My tenderest melting Souls all softest Pity.

Oront. And could that softest Pity —————

Clarif. Aske no more :

For beyond Pity 'tis all vast Eternity,
The All my utmost Life can ever give thee.

Oront. The All.

Clarif. Alas! my Love's beyond my Pow'r:
But I have given too much. Hence from my Sight ;
For from this Hour I ne'r must see thee more.

Oront. No more !

Clarif. Retire without Reply, lest my reviving Wrongs,
Recall my prodigal blushing Mercy back.
Yes, Fly to some far corner of the Earth
Whilst I have pow'r to give thy pitied Sufferings
This last kind Tribute from my melting Eyes,
Go, and bear with thee round the wander'd World
A Sigh from *Clarismunda*.

Oront. 'Tis enough.

That Sigh that Pity, all Eternal Bliss,
And, Gods, I ask no more. —————

But, Madam, when I fly from those dear Eyes,
The wander'd World will be too short a Walk.
No, *Clarismunda*, Love's last Race must run,
Beyond the narrow Travels of the Sun ;

Far above Worlds, and Days dull mortal Light :

Thus he takes Wing, and thus sets out his Flight. } *Stabs him-*
} *self.*

Clar. By thy own Hand thy Hearts last pouring Flood.
Oh King ! so kind a Stream, this rich atoning Sacrifice
Has wash'd thee all so White, and touch'd my Soul so near,
That I must whisper in thy dying Ear ;
Had I a Heart to give 'twere all thy own.

Oront. Oh Divine Harmony ! Now I am blest.

Clar. Oh generous Prince ! thou fill'st my painting Veins
With all that tender'st warmth : But hast, oh haste !
Mount the bright Stars, and bear this Message with thee :
When thou shalt meet thy own great Martyr there ;
Tell him, thou hast left

His *Clarismunda* a Divided Heart :

Thine all my Pity : all my Love *Orsaner*.

Oront. Yes Madam, I'll obey your blest Commands ;
Speed, speed my Posting Soul, and when we meet, *Orsaner*,
I'll Rival thee in Heaven. But oh ! how much are all
My Sighs o'erpaid to die in these blest Arms ;
How worthless is dull Life, when Death's all Charms.

[*Dies.*

Clar. Now all the work I had on Earth is done !

My Dear *Orsaner*, that long waiting Bridegroom,
Holds an immortal Chaplet for my Brow.

Shut from the World, then to a Cell I'll fly :

There my dear Winding-sheets, my Robe of Glory,
Sweet Death's kind call with bending Knees I'll stay,
The Trump to my great Coronation-Day.

[*Exit.*

Scene Changes. Enter Celestina and Rosalin.

Ros. What can this mean ! Not Lunacy more wild !
Her wander'd Reason, and distracted Senses
Stung with that strange *Tatantula* ———

Cel. Hush, *Mirvan* ! Not a word. — Should Boys tell Tales —
Not for a thousand Worlds. I'll have the Secret
Shut in a Marble Chest, lock'd up in Graves,
Deep as the Center of the groaning World,
That not one angry murmuring God shall hear it ———
But ha ! we are betray'd, betray'd dear *Mirvan* !
See there that grinning *Tarquin* in the Hangings,
Looks with a listning Face ——— and yonder Parrot,
Oh 'tis a prating Bird ——— The Air will breath it,
Winds whistle it, Ravens croke it ———

Ros. Dear Madam ———

Cel. *Rosalin* ! Ha, art thou here !

Ros.

Ros. Yes, Madam, a poor Mourner.—

Cel. Oh fie, in Tears, and on my Wedding day !
This is unkind : Ay, Girl, I am to be Married,
Dost thou not see the Courting kneeling King !
Oh 'tis the fondest fool to make a Husband.
That kind believing thing. See he presents me
A Bracelet strung with bleeding Lovers Hearts,
And every Pearl a Tear of dying Innocence——
Poor *Herminia*,

Dost not thou hang a blushing Ruby there.

Ros. Gracious Heav'n !

Cel. Who talks of Heav'n ? Oh 'tis a Golden Palace,
Where my kind *Mirvan*, *Jove's* dear Darling *Ganymede*,
Fills the proud Thunderers Imperial Bowl,
To quaff the World's Confusion.

Ros. Oh my Fears !

There's something talks in these wild Dreams !

Cel. Fear *Rosalin* !

What canst thou fear, my Wedding Robe won't please me !
Ah no ! 'tis dyed in that deep Royal Crimson
Not all the Waters of the Sea can whiten.

Enter King, Attendants, and Guards.

King. What's this I see ! Why this disorder'd frame !
Is this a Dress ? Is this a Brow, when Diadems
Wait your receiving Hand. The canker'd Sweets
Of Lawless Joys no more,
Prepare to mount the bright Crown'd Queen of *Persia*.

Cel. The Queen of *Persia* ! Queen of Hell, dull Fool—
Look, *Rosalin*, look—

Ros. Look, Madam !

Cel. Dost not see
Yond' wrinkled wither'd Witch, the sooty *Proserpine* !
She with that dowdy Face, Great *Pluto's* Queen,
Enthron'd the Glorious Partner of Damnation ;
And *Celestina* but a puny Devil !
No, by yond' spiteful Stars, I cannot bear it.
I'll dash the tumbling Hag from her proud Seat,
Snatch from her flaming Brow her blazing Diadem,
And mount her burning Throne.

King. All raving Frenzy.

But tell me honest *Rosalin*, how long
Have these strange Phantoms all these waking Dreams
Shook her soft peace ?

Ros.

Ref. Since fair *Herminia's* Death.

Cel. Who names *Herminia's* Death : I will not hear it.
 There's Treason in the sound.—But see! Oh see!
 She comes, she comes, she comes! [*The Ghosts of Herminia and*
 — Oh my sick Eye-balls! *Tygranes descend in Glory.*
 How have I sin'd to wake these hideous Forms!
 Have I done more than all my Sex beside?
 Alas, the poorest Lowborn Peasant Girl,
 That never heard of Crowns above a Garland,
 Yet but to Reign the Sovereign of the Plains,
 And have the bending Knees of Swains and Bores,
 Wou'd cut through Hearts and Lives to be a Queen :
 And I have done no more.

King. What says my Fairest?

Cel. Say King! I say thou smelst too rank of Blood,
 Blood, easie cheated Fool!

King. Death and Confusion!
 There's something in this dark mysterious Horror
 That strikes my aking Soul.— Pray Heav'n the poor
Tygranes and *Herminia*——

Cel. Are a blest pair of ever Royal Martyrs.
 Innocence, Innocence, Innocence! Betray'd by me,
 And by thee Murder'd!

King. Murder'd! Oh——

Cel. But look all Heavenly Fair, cloath'd and enrob'd
 With the rich Beams of pure immortal Day.
 Myriads of Angels, and Eternal Quires
 All waiting for their Coronation Glory.
 Yes, mount fair Stars, ye radiant Twins of Light,
 Whilst I must set in Everlasting Night. [*Dies.*

King. Dead! Thou fair Curse and Painted Sin farewell.
 Oh that my shame and Guilt were with thee Dead.
 Ah no! a thousand Racking Tortures live
 To tear my sinking Soul. Oh Blood Blood! Blood!
Herminia! Poor wrong'd sweetness, could the price
 Of Crowns or Worlds restore thee to my Arms——
 No, Lovely Truth, too late we find thy Charms.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Rogers.

WELL, Gentlemen, our Author bids me say,
He Treats you with an Out-of-fashion Play.
His fair Court Mifs, perk'd in her Raigning Glory,
In the late Age had been a modish Story.
But now the old dull Tale will never do.——
And yet I'll Swear the Play has something new.——
New, did I say? Yes, if it has no more,
Here's Two new Legs, you never saw before.
Nay, and what's more, they come to Court you too :
Ay, Sirs, You see what Wonders you can do ;
Bring a young Suppliant to those Sweet Faces,
To beg to our poor Play your kind good Graces.
Faith Sirs, for once lay by your Critick Thunder,
Not for the Senseless Poet, Hang him Blunder,
But for Our sakes Tour angry Vengeance stay :
Consider, Sirs, this is the Womens Play.
And when we wooe your Favour, sure you are
Not so hard-hearted to deny our Prayer.
Besides, let me intreat, baulk not a poor
Petitioner, that never begg'd before.
Grant me but this First Suit, a Boon so easie,
And in Return, I'll one day hope to please ye.
Encouraged by your Smiles a Beam so fair
Here's Two Good Works at once, for I Declare
You will both save a Play, and make a Player.

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